The Outlook

Vol. 61 February 11, 1899 No. 6

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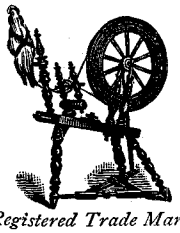

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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The Battle at Manila The outbreak between the American and the Filipino forces, which our army has certainly done everything it could to avoid, has at last come—at Manila, not at Iloilo. It was initiated on Saturday night by a night attack on our forces by the Filipinos, and showed decisively that the Filipino forces had no military possibilities of victory in giving battle to the main American army intrenched in Manila and supported by the war-vessels on the coast. Notwithstanding the advantage derived from the surprise of a night attack, the insurgents not only failed absolutely in their plan of capturing the city, but were driven far back from their original position and suffered heavily in killed and wounded. At this writing the American loss is estimated at about forty killed and about one hundred and fifty wounded, while the Filipinos' loss is reported at about four thousand. There is little doubt that the attack was preconcerted on the part of the insurgents, although its actual beginning was in the action of two natives who tried to pass one of our sentries. The First Nebraska bore the brunt of the first assault, but firing soon became general along the lines. All accounts agree in stating that our soldiers, regulars and volunteers alike, fought with cheerful alacrity and with unfailing courage. Outbreaks in the city were quickly quieted, the attack upon the line soon repulsed, and then our forces pushed the enemy steadily back, capturing half a dozen villages and inflicting severe loss upon the natives. As soon as daylight appeared, Admiral Dewey ordered the Charleston, Monadnock, and Callao to open fire on the Filipinos, and the ships poured in an accurate storm of shell upon the enemy most effectively; again the fleet reports an engagement in which there was no loss on our side. It is said that there are not far from 30,000 Filipinos in arms near Manila; the majority being badly armed, some having only spears and bows and arrows. Our forces, military and naval, number about 20,000 men.

❀

What it Means The English papers unite in pointing out that, while ultimate American success is unquestionable, the United States must prepare for "a series of toilsome campaigns" before the Philippine territory is all subjected, as the natives are able to maintain an irregular war in small bodies, in many islands, and may be aided by the climate and disease. The authorities at Washington feel absolute confidence in the ability of General Otis and Admiral Dewey to cope with the situation with their present forces, while considerable reinforcements are on the way. Agoncillo, the unrecognized representative of Aguinaldo in Washington, departed for Canada just as the news of the battle reached this country. It is generally profitless to discuss what might have been, except for the purpose of securing light from the past for the conduct and direction of the future. The opponents of the treaty insist that if Congress had promptly passed a resolution respecting the Philippines analogous to that adopted respecting Cuba, the Filipinos would have been content, and there would have been no war; the friends of the treaty insist that if the Senate had promptly ratified it, the Filipinos would have realized that it was useless to fight against a united nation, and there would have been no war. Probably both are right. The delay and irresolution on the part of the United States have furnished Aguinaldo an occasion which a prompt and vigorous adoption and execution of any policy would have denied to him.

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Now that he has thrown down the gage of battle, we see no alternative but to meet the issue and acquire the *power* to exercise the sovereign authority in the islands which we are now exercising in Cuba. The first requisite of civilization in the islands is a safe, secure, and stable government; that Aguinaldo has the ability or even the intent to establish that, there is small evidence. After order and authority are established, it will then remain for America to give the people of the Philippines an opportunity to determine for themselves what sort of government they wish, and what relations with the United States. Why this question should be referred for settlement to Aguinaldo and his army we are unable in any present lights to see, since we lack evidence that he or they really represent either the thrift or the intelligence of the islands.

❀

Congress: The Ratification of the Treaty

Last week's debate on the treaty presented few new features. Some of the friends of the treaty, like Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, admitted that its ratification probably gave the Filipinos the right of citizens to enter any State they wished, while the opponents uniformly admitted that Congressional action was necessary before the Filipinos could obtain certain other constitutional rights—such as free trade with the rest of our territory. Much of the discussion was upon the ability of the Filipinos to establish a stable government. Senator Clay, of Georgia, had taken the position that every people was fit for independence, though not for republicanism as we understand it. "God in his wisdom," he said, "has never yet created a people that were not capable of sustaining some form of government." Most of the treaty's opponents, however, eulogized the government established by the present Philippine Congress, while the friends of the unconditional ratification of the treaty either ridiculed this government or, more wisely, emphasized the universal want of information regarding it. On Friday it looked as if the treaty would be ratified by a two-thirds vote, if its supporters consented to the passage of Senator Sullivan's resolution declaring that ratification involved no declaration of future policy. When, however, Senator Davis, representing the Administration, moved that the Senate proceed to vote on this resolution, Senator Gorman and a small Democratic following filibustered and broke up a quorum by failing to answer to their names. When the news of the battle with the Filipinos at Manila came, the friends of the treaty gained confidence that it would be ratified, for, whoever might be responsible for the present conflict, they were able to urge that only the ratification of the treaty could free the hands of this Government to effect a satisfactory settlement. At the last moment Senators McLaurin, of South Carolina, and McEnery, of Louisiana, came over to the support of the treaty, and it was ratified by a vote of 57 to 27—or with just one vote to spare.

❀

Congress: The Army Bill

After the Republican leaders yielded to the opposition within their own ranks to the proposed quadrupling of the standing army, the discussion took on a more partisan aspect. The concession made, it will be recalled, did not change the original proposal to authorize a standing army of 100,000, but gave the President discretion to keep as few as 50,000 in the field if he saw fit. When this concession was made, the conservative Republicans generally fell into line. It is true that Mr. Johnson, of Indiana, maintained that the President was committed to an "imperial" policy requiring 100,000 soldiers, and therefore could not be expected to reduce the army in accordance with America's traditions and needs; but no other Republican criticised the President in this way. Mr. Connolly, of Illinois, and Mr. Lawrence, of Massachusetts, who, next to Mr. Johnson, had most vigorously arraigned the proposal that America should answer the Czar's appeal for disarmament by quadrupling her army, withheld their support from the amended measure, but did not assail it in the debate. When the vote was taken, only six Republicans recorded themselves against the measure, and four Democrats recorded themselves in its favor. An amendment proposed to the bill by Mr. Cummings, of New York, providing that Federal troops should not be used to repress disorders in any State

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except on application of the State authorities, was defeated by a considerable majority without a roll-call. One amendment, however, was adopted which a few years ago could hardly have obtained consideration. The proposal to abolish the canteen system, by which troops are supplied with intoxicants at regiment quarters, used to be ridiculed as a fad of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Prohibitionists. The experience of the past war, however, proved that the representatives of moral sentiment were right and the representatives of cynicism wrong. Every commander, with the noteworthy and welcome exception of General Eagan, took the position that the canteen results in injury to the troops, and on the report of their attitude the House voted without division in favor of the amendment.

❀

Congress: The River and Harbor Waste

The public indifference regarding the River and Harbor Bill, which passed the House last week, is occasion for public alarm. This bill, upon its surface, carries an appropriation of $30,000,000, or twice as much as even the "billion dollar" Congress expended, and in reality it involves an appropriation of $42,000,000, since an appropriation of $12,000,000 for rivers and harbors is embodied in the Sundry Civil Bill. Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, almost alone did his duty in exposing the wastefulness of the measure. When he entered Congress seventeen years ago, he said, the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill carried with it an annual expenditure of $7,000,000; it has now been increased sixfold, despite the fact that the bulk of past appropriations, including even those for the Mississippi River, have been confessedly wasted. "More than one-half of the appropriations carried by this bill," he continued, "are for the improvement of places where geographical names have to be used that are not known to the people of the United States, except to those in the immediate locality of the places named." One of the instances he cited ran as follows:

> An appropriation of $250,000 is proposed to improve the channel from Galveston to Texas City. Does anybody know where Texas City is? I am told there is one business establishment there. Some Ohio gentlemen went down to that place, located themselves at Texas City—or perhaps Texas City came after they located themselves—and built a compress for the purpose of compressing cotton. And now they come to Congress and ask for $250,000, which is several times the aggregate of the assessed value of the whole city, to dig a trench in the sand in the bottom of the bay across the movement of the waters—so that it can be annually filled, and require an annual appropriation—in order to reach Texas City.

He stated that in his own district the River and Harbor appropriations had not helped commerce. If a single steamboat had gone up or down the Missouri River, past his district, in ten years, he had never heard of it. "One year," he said, "we appropriated $375,000 for the improvement of navigation of the Missouri River." This appropriation was accompanied by a proviso that such portions of it as might be necessary might be utilized to improve the harbors of the eleven towns specified. "I took the trouble to hunt the matter down, and found that these eleven harbors and towns consisted of the piers of eleven railway bridges which crossed the river, and every one was improved to the extent of strengthening these piers, and that is where the appropriation went." Yet instance on instance of this sort made no impression whatever upon Congress. Nearly every member had some appropriation in the bill which would enable him to demonstrate his usefulness to his district, and when the bill came to a vote, there were only seven votes against it.

❀

Congress: The Ship Subsidy Bill

Senator Hanna's Ship Subsidy Bill, which has been introduced into the House by Mr. Payne, of New York, is being sharply attacked from two quarters. In the first place, the farm organizations which indorsed the Lubin resolutions demanding export bounties for farmers as a part of the protective system, are arraigning the shipping interests for violating the supposed understanding that bounties for shipping were to be sought only together with bounties for farming. This arraignment, which emanates from Republican sources, appeals strongly to all Republicans who believe in the bounty system but are unwilling that farmers should bear the brunt of its burdens and receive none of its benefits. The other arraignment of the

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Subsidy Bill comes from the Democratic minority of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, and appeals not only to Democrats who oppose all taxation of one class to subsidize another, but to all persons in both parties who believe that subsidies, when granted, should be moderate in amount and temporary in character. This minority report, prepared by Mr. Irving Handy, the only Congressman of the ship-building State of Delaware, is of especial service because it translates the provisions of the bill into language intelligible to the general public. The bill, it will be recalled, provides that the subsidies shall be so much per ton, and so much per seaman, and so much per mile per hour, etc.—all of which means nothing except to experts. Mr. Handy's report estimates what these subsidies amount to per year, and what they will amount to in the twenty years for which the subsidies are arranged. The conclusions reached are briefly as follows:

> The twenty-year bounties are put in the bill in the language of "cents," but when the arithmetical calculation is made, we find that the Government will be obligated, by the contracts likely to be entered into during the first twelve months under this bill, to pay bounties amounting to more than $165,000,000. This bounty of $8,250,000 a year does not include any estimate for supposed increase of our merchant marine due to stimulation incident to a bounty system. . . . Of this enormous bounty, the lion's share will go to a single company. The International Navigation Company will be entitled to receive, in the aggregate, more than $57,000,000.

The conclusion of Mr. Handy's brilliant report, stating that the bounty promised is more than the entire cost of the ships to receive it, and urging that our merchant marine can be restored without any bounties, by the adoption of the policy of free ships, now pursued by all other great commercial nations, will be treated at length in another issue.

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Senatorial Ballotings The election of Joseph V. Quarles, a lawyer in moderate circumstances, to succeed Senator Mitchell, of Wisconsin, and Addison G. Foster, a wealthy lumberman, to succeed Senator Wilson, of Washington, leaves but four legislative deadlocks. In Nebraska the two leading Republican candidates, Haywood and Thompson, are unable to agree upon the rules under which a party caucus may be held. The former demands an open ballot with the requirement of two-thirds to nominate, and the latter a secret ballot with the understanding that a majority vote shall decide. In Utah the millionaire candidate, McCune, came within two or three votes of election, but there is still a chance that the division in the Democratic ranks may lead to the re-election of Senator Cannon, Silver Republican. In Delaware the Addicks forces still hold together, and there is a growing possibility that again, as four years ago, the fight over Mr. Addicks may prevent the election of any Republican Senator. In Pennsylvania the supporters of Mr. Quay seem to have made a slight gain through the passage by the Senate of a bill taking away from the District Attorney his exceptional power to challenge jurors. Hitherto this power of the District Attorney has been a weapon of the Republican machine, and two years ago it enabled Senator Quay to obtain the conviction of two Democrats for publishing "libels" against him. This year, when he is to be tried and the District Attorney at Philadelphia is not his man, the machine demands that the law be changed before the trial takes place, and Democrats, who heretofore have favored the change, are told that it must be now or never. Most of the Democrats have refused to accept these terms, but, unfortunately, two Democratic Senators have already voted for the pending measure, and enough Democrats in the House may support it to insure its passage. The gain of Mr. Quay's supporters at this point, however, has been offset by their loss at the Republican primaries in Lebanon County to choose a successor to Senator Gobin, who has been elected Lieutenant-Governor. In these primaries the Quay supporters claimed to be confident of victory, but when the count was made the majority against them was overwhelming. We are glad to note that two more Legislatures—West Virginia and Missouri—have voted in favor of the direct election of United States Senators, and that the Chicago "Times-Herald" is advocating it, not only to prevent deadlocks and scandals, but as the only way in which municipal and National issues may be separated. We again urge this phase of the question upon the attention of

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municipal reformers, who are agreed that these issues must be separated if municipal business is to be divorced from partisan politics.

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A Grave Danger in the Philippines

Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, in an article in the "Congregationalist," points out one difficulty in the treaty with Spain to which, so far as we know, public attention has not before been called. It is found in Articles 8 and 13. The first declares that "the relinquishment or cession, as the case may be, to which the preceding paragraph refers, cannot in any respect impair the property rights which by law belong to the peaceful possession of property by all kinds of provinces, municipalities, public or private establishments, ecclesiastical or civic bodies, or any other associations;" and Article 13 declares that "the rights of property secured by copyrights and patents by Spaniards in the island of Cuba and in Porto Rico, the Philippines, and other ceded territories at the time of the exchange or the ratification of this treaty, shall continue to be respected." It is matter of public repute that one principal cause of the revolution of the Filipinos against Spanish authority has been the control exercised over them by monastic establishments, and the landed monopoly which the latter enjoyed. Do these clauses in the treaty commit us to a policy of sustaining this landed monopoly and the consequent power of the monastic orders? We are inclined to think that Article 8 does not. The cession of the islands does not impair the property rights of ecclesiastical or other associations, but this fact does not prevent the new government from pursuing such a policy respecting landed property as it may deem just and right. Article 13 is more explicit in its declaration that the rights of property in all the ceded territories "shall continue to be respected." Even this, however, does not seem to us absolutely conclusive. It would not prevent the new government from abolishing the law of primogeniture if it existed, or from abolishing entail and substituting American land laws. It would apparently prevent such a policy of confiscation as was pursued during the reign of Henry VIII. in England, and more recently in 1861 under Juarez, in Mexico. Certainly neither of these two articles would involve exemption of monastic property from taxation. We suggest that, under the circumstances, if the treaty is confirmed and an American government is established, the Philippines would be a good territory in which to try the single-tax theory. Levying a tax upon all land at its nominal value would not disturb the monastic title, but would practically compel the monastic establishments either to sell their unused lands to actual occupants, or to improve them by actual and profitable occupancy themselves; and either of these courses would probably meet the necessities of the situation.

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Cuban Affairs

The most important item of news from Cuba the last week has been the acceptance, by the veteran insurgent leader and commander, General Maximo Gomez, of the offer by the United States of the gift of $3,000,000 to the insurgent soldiers. It is distinctly understood on both sides that this payment is not in the nature of an advance of the pay due to the soldiers, but rather a gratuitous award by the United States to the insurgents, as a recognition of their services in the early part of the war in holding Spanish power in check. This payment of $3,000,000 will give an average of $100 to each of the Cuban soldiers still in arms. It is understood that General Gomez will now use his great influence in persuading the Cuban troops to disband and devote themselves to peaceful pursuits. The amount assumed to be necessary for the complete payment of the wages due the soldiers is from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000, and the Cubans still express readiness to pledge the revenues of the island or of the municipalities in any practical way for a loan to make the payment possible. General Gomez agreed to the course indicated above after a long interview with the President's personal representative in Cuba, Mr. Robert Porter. The other Cuban leaders are somewhat divided in sentiment as to the propriety and wisdom of General Gomez's action. Not a few of them repudiate it altogether, and insist that the troops should remain in arms until the future of Cuba is finally settled. These leaders also deny the authority of General Gomez to speak or

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act for the whole army. There is still considerable disappointment among the Cubans at American methods of control; much of this is quite unreasonable, and grows out of a childish expectation of perfection being at once reached, and also of an indefensible hope that a policy of retribution for wrongs inflicted would be adopted. It is alleged by some observers, however, that just ground of complaint has been found in the employment by the American military government of too large a number of men who were prominent under the Spanish régime, and are justly hated for acts of oppression and dishonesty. A leading Cuban newspaper says: "We are growing to be a nation of petty office-seekers. We have no political personality. We hope to see the return of prosperity, but the country cannot pay even the reduced taxes demanded."

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Public Robbery at Albany

Some very significant manifestations of the dishonesty and corruption of machine politics have been revealed at Albany in the investigations set on foot by Governor Roosevelt. The financial deficits and illegal expenditures of various State Departments are so great and so widespread that it is reported that the Governor will send a special message on the subject to the Legislature, calling for an investigation by expert accountants. What these deficits mean is exemplified in a striking way by the statement, over his own name, of Frederick Easton, the late State Superintendent of Public Buildings under Governor Black, in whose department a deficiency of $200,000 has been discovered. He says:

> The way I was bothered by State and organization officers kept my department always handicapped and over-expensive. There was nothing in my department that could be done with anything except a mop, a pail, and a broom. Yet often there would come to my office a nice young man in a lofty white collar and shining boots bearing a request from some high officer of the State or party that I should put the applicant to work. When I would tell the applicant that there was nothing in my department to do beyond scrubbing and sweeping and polishing, he would go back to his 'backer' and say I had insulted him. Then I would receive a note from the high officer of State or party saying it was absurd to offer So-and-so scrubbing and sweeping to do—why, he belonged to one of the best families in this or that part of the State. So I would reply that if it was insisted that I should take the young man, I would do so; there would be absolutely nothing for him to do, I would point out, but I could see that he got his wages regularly. It was in that manner that my pay-rolls became overburdened.

It is said by Mr. Easton's predecessors and associates, in commenting on this state of affairs, that his explanation is the correct one, and that he is personally an honest man. Doubtless he is a man of personal integrity; but his management of his own department, and his defense of his maladministration, form a curious illustration of the fact that large numbers of people have two standards of honesty—one for private life and private business, and one for political life and political business. In our opinion, Mr. Easton's management of his department, as explained by himself, is nothing short of robbery; and the men who winked and connived at it, whether they were governors, legislators, judges, or political "heelers," are *participes criminis*. The manager of a bank, or private corporation, or railway, who keeps dummies on his pay-roll is summarily dismissed by the directors when he is found out; and if the directors are implicated, they are held up to public scorn and obloquy. If Mr. Easton has, in his letter-files, as it is said that he has, orders or solicitations from officials in high position to make improper appointments of men who did nothing but draw the salary, we hope those letters will be published in the forthcoming investigation.

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New York's Pure Beer Bill

The Pure Food bills which for several years have been so popular in Western Legislatures and in Congress have been supplemented in the New York Legislature by a Pure Beer bill. The measure provides that no fermented liquors containing any other ingredient than "pure barley malt, pure hops, pure extract of hops, pure yeast, and pure water," shall hereafter be manufactured or sold in the State of New York; and that no fermented liquor shall be sold within three months of its manufacture. Brewers violating the provisions of the act are amenable to fines ranging from $500 to $3,000 for each offense, and

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retailers to fines ranging from $50 to $200. After the first offense, imprisonment may be added to the fines. In order to make the law self-enforcing, one-half the fines goes to the informers and the other half to the use of the State Health Department in furthering its provisions. To this Health Department every brewer is obliged to send semi-annual reports of the amount of beer made and the ingredients used. It has for several weeks been stated that Senator Platt intended to push such a bill as this through the State Legislature, and its object was alleged to be retaliation upon the brewers for their liberal contributions to the Democratic campaign fund at the last election. This charge is probably false, for the children of this world in politics as well as in business are wise enough not to waste their energies in keeping alive old enmities. If there is any political object, it is probably to give the State machine power over the brewers and saloon-keepers which will insure better conduct in future campaigns.

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Newspaper Contempt of Court

Two cases of alleged contempt of court by newspapers have lately attracted attention. The first was that of the Boston "Traveller." Here the paper, at the time of the trial of an engineer of the Consolidated Railroad for a rear-end collision, resulting fatally, said that the corporation was guilty of negligence and was using its employee as a scapegoat, or words to that effect. Judge Sherman adjudged the editor and proprietor of the "Traveller," Mr. Torrey E. Wardner, to be guilty of contempt, and sentenced him to sixty days' imprisonment. Efforts to secure his release failed, and after a few days he apologized amply, and, being thus purged of contempt, was released at once. In the second case, Judge Bond, of the Superior Criminal Court of Boston, fined the Boston "Herald" $500 for contempt of court. The fine was imposed because in the headline printed over a report of the trial of a case in which two defendants were charged with having fraudulently obtained large sums of money from the city of Boston by false accounts, the words "Guilt is Evident" were printed in large type. The Judge, in his decision, finds that these words were used with the intent that they should be understood by the persons reading them as a declaration of the guilt of the defendants in the case on trial, although a careful reading of the entire article would show that they referred to the guilt of some one not connected with either of the defendants. The Court further finds that the intent was not to influence the jury in the trial, but to increase the sale of the paper. This fact mitigated the sentence inflicted by the Court. It does not come within our province to sit in judgment on these particular cases, but it appears to us very clear that the time has fully come for the courts to take such action as the judges have taken in these cases to prevent reports and comments pending judicial trials, adapted, if not intended, to influence the result of the trial. Liberty of the press no more means exemption of newspapers from penalty when they violate the rights of others than does the liberty of the individual in any other realm of action. It means simply freedom from censorship, liberty to print and publish, with full responsibility for the results of printing and publishing that which is unjust and injurious to others.

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In Samoa

Anarchy still reigns in Samoa, according to the latest reports. The work of pillage and destruction goes on in various parts of the islands; and among the houses which have been looted is the home so intimately associated with the closing years of Robert Louis Stevenson's life. A party of Mataafa's followers was met and defeated in ambush by a party of the Malietoans; and it seemed to be generally expected that there would be further fighting. A collision of authority has occurred between the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who, as readers of The Outlook will remember, is an American, and the President of the Municipality of Apia, who is a German. It seems that a German resident of Apia was arrested for breaking the windows of the Supreme Court Chamber, and sentenced by the Chief Justice to imprisonment and payment of a fine; whereupon the German President of Apia instructed the police authorities to release the offender, whose fine was later fixed at $1,000. The German Consul thereupon wrote to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, stepson of Robert Louis Ste-

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venson, and the American Consul, and to the British Consul, protesting that this action of the Chief Justice was an infringement of German consular rights. The two Consuls replied that they had no authority, the matter having been dealt with by the proper tribunal, and they declined to have any more intercourse with the German Consul or the German Municipal President, except in writing, until an apology was offered for the behavior toward the Chief Justice. The trouble is in every sense a petty one; but it shows that the conditions under which Samoa is ruled are neither wise nor safe. There ought to be a thorough reconsideration of the question of the relation of the United States to the islands.

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Disestablishment in England

The last London letter in the New York "Tribune" indicates that Sir William Harcourt is taking advantage of the ritualistic controversy in the Episcopal Church to make himself "the leader of the Protestant uprising." That the ritualistic and High Church party in England has gone a long way from Protestantism, even as expressed in what was once the Protestant Episcopal Church, is apparent, not only to its adversaries, but to its exponents. The name "Protestant" is repudiated by them, and the name "Catholicism" is at least not unacceptable. They are inclined to call themselves the Catholic party, and many of them to seek union rather with the Greek and Roman than with the Protestant communion. This movement, perhaps not toward Romanism but certainly toward ecclesiasticism, has, by a reaction, intensified the Protestant party both within and without the Church of England; and it will not be strange, according to the writer in the New York "Tribune," if Sir William Harcourt succeeds in making the ecclesiastical question the burning question in English politics, and revives the problem of disestablishment, which for a time has been laid aside. The trend of politics in England has undoubtedly been toward that form of democracy which refuses governmental privilege of any kind to any party in either Church or State, and if the progress of the next fifty years in the direction of democracy in England is as rapid as it has been in the last fifty, disestablishment is almost certain to come; it is certain that it would come speedily were it not for the perplexity involved by the problem of disendowment.

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Australian Federation

The cable despatches from Melbourne announce that the Premiers of the five Australian colonies have reached a unanimous agreement regarding the most important questions referred to them by the colonial legislature, with a view of consummating the federation recently defeated by the vote of New South Wales. The Federal capital, it appears, is to be located in New South Wales; but in order to prevent this province from influencing federal deliberations too greatly, it is stipulated that the new capital shall be at least a hundred miles from the capital of New South Wales, and shall, like Washington, be within territory under the absolute control of the Federal Parliament. The long-debated question of how to prevent a deadlock between the Senate, in which each colony has the same representation, and the House of Representatives, in which each is represented according to population, has been solved by referring all differences to a majority vote of a joint session. In the new federation it is probable that New South Wales will have to give up the system of free trade and accept in a modified form the protective system adopted by the other colonies. These colonies will be relieved of the necessity of maintaining their tariff walls along their common boundaries. Each colony or State continues to own and operate its own railroads, subject only to such control from an inter-State commission as is necessary to secure co-operation. In this way are avoided the dangers of centralization, and the still greater dangers of log-rolling in the Federal Congress to secure appropriations for unneeded roads.

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The Workmen and the Owners

The new house of the Count and Countess de Castellane, in Paris, on New Year's Day was the scene of the gracious recognition of the interdependence of the rich and poor. The workingmen and their families, to the number of

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a thousand, were the first guests entertained in this beautiful home, not yet completed. This act of hospitality may or may not have been suggested to the Countess, who is an American, by the action of one of New York's most prominent citizens. While this New York citizen's palatial house was being constructed, he made it a point to visit it several times each week. He passed familiarly among the workmen, was frequently seen talking with them while they were eating their noonday luncheon, stood beside them on the scaffolds, and knew them by name, as they all knew him. Every man, from the one who carried the hod to the architect, was known personally to the citizen. He made it clear that he was interested in the trades, in the materials of the trades, and in the industrial conditions of which the workmen and he were parts. When his house was completed, he gave these workmen a dinner; every man who had contributed to the building or to the decoration of the home was a guest. To meet these men, a few leading citizens who had established themselves with labor were also invited. It seemed the natural thing to do, as the completion of the house meant the parting of fellow-workmen who for over a year had worked side by side, dependent each on the other for the way in which his part of the work was done. The host had felt his indebtedness to the skill that made his beautiful house possible, and knew that in all probability he never again would meet these men. Common sense governed the arrangements of the dinner. The purpose was to give an evening of pleasure to the guests, not to make an occasion for newspaper exploiting of the host's condescension. There was no thought of condescension on the one side, nor of patronage on the other; it was purely democratic.

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A World-Wide Telegraph Scheme

Direct and uninterrupted communication between territories under the same rule in all parts of the world makes it necessary that Governments should control telegraphs and cables. The English Government has not been slow to recognize this necessity; and a plan has recently been brought forward to connect all parts of the British Empire by cables which shall have their landing everywhere on British territory, and which shall be operated by the Government. Sir Sandford Fleming, the author of this scheme, and a man of experience and practical ability, has worked out three distinct systems—one for the Atlantic, one for the Indian, and one for the Pacific Ocean. The scheme for connecting British territories on the Atlantic is already far advanced toward completion; Canada, Bermuda, the Bahamas, and Jamaica are all in communication with the mother country. It is in the Pacific Ocean that the scheme takes on its most imposing dimensions, for it is proposed to unite by British wires Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Fiji, Hong-Kong, Borneo, New Guinea, and the west coast of Canada. It is estimated that the completion of the scheme would involve an expenditure of about $30,000,000, and that in the long run the investment on the part of the Government would be profitable.

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Race Expulsions in Germany

Germany cannot pursue a policy of expelling men of other races from her territory without suggesting to other Governments the possibility of retaliation. A number of Russian papers have proposed that the richer Germans should be sent out of Russia. The Outlook has already commented on the irritation caused in Austria, and the serious peril to the continuance of the Triple Alliance, which may result from this irritation. The German method of dealing with the question has been as high-handed as the policy which it enforces. There are, for instance, a great many Danes in northern Schleswig, and it is very natural that they should desire their children to study Danish; but the teaching of Danish, both in public and private schools, has been forbidden. In order to secure this instruction Danish subjects have sent their children to high schools in Denmark; and now the local German authorities, acting under the laws relating to compulsory education, are attempting to deprive these subjects of the guardianship of their own children, on the ground that they are neglecting the educational interests of those children. And when Professor von Delbrück, of Berlin,

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who is not only a scholar of eminence but a very courageous man, frankly put himself on record in regard to this policy, he was taken in hand, and, on the ground that he received a salary from the State and was therefore cut off from criticising the acts of the Government, he is to be disciplined. When one remembers what freedom of thought and investigation has done, not only for the German universities, but for the German people, this kind of restriction, evoked by protests against the expression of racial prejudice, seems like taking a step backward toward the Dark Ages.

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The Treaty Ratified

The Outlook always hesitates to prophesy, but it has never seemed to us probable that the Senate would fail to ratify the treaty when a vote should be taken. We are satisfied that more than two-thirds of the people have already ratified it. It is needless for us now to consider the arguments which have led to this result. It is enough to suggest in a paragraph its significance on the duties of the future.

This treaty is, it must be remembered, with Spain; simply with Spain. By it this Nation assumes the duties which have been laid upon it by the conditions of history. By the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila we had destroyed the Spanish government in the Philippines. That fact rendered us responsible, alike to the civilized world and to the people of the islands themselves, for the establishment of a better government in the place of the one destroyed. By this treaty we have simply recognized the obligations thus laid upon us. Those obligations we must go on and fulfill, cost what it may. If the so-called government represented by Aguinaldo is a government, if it has both the will and the capacity to protect life and property, and preserve peace and order, we may well be willing to relinquish our onerous duties into other hands; but at present Aguinaldo and his cabinet do not represent a *de facto* government; they represent only an aspiration or an ambition, good or evil. They have not proved the capacity, nor have they demonstrated the will, to establish a government. It is for us to secure both. It is for us to make possible the protection of life and property. It is for us to secure liberty for the intelligent and the thrifty inhabitants of the Philippines, be they few or many; to determine what their future government shall be, and what their relations to the United States; and until we have done this, our duties to them and to the nations of the world will not be fulfilled.

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A Word to the Churches

The churches, and especially the clergy, have a great deal to learn from that small group of devoted men and women who are dealing at first hand with industrial and social conditions in our large cities. Among this group of missionaries Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, holds a foremost position, by reason of her consecration to her work, her notable ability, and her clear-sighted intelligence. Hull House is one of the most important connections yet made between the privileged and the unprivileged classes, one of the leading points of contact between the widely separated sections of society; and Miss Addams is in a position to speak with authority to the working classes and for the working classes. Therefore, what she had to say recently to the ministers of Chicago in regard to the failure of Protestant churches to reach those classes is worthy of the most serious consideration.

In Miss Addams's opinion, this failure, so far as it exists, is due chiefly to two things: first, to the lack of a proper adaptation of methods to the special needs and peculiar conditions of the working classes in great cities. For the most part, city churches have failed to understand the changed conditions about them, and are going on in the old ways, using methods which were well adapted to the conditions of fifty years ago. The methods which succeed in the country town are doomed to failure in the great city. In the great city the church must provide something more than the usual Sunday and week-day services; it must do something to satisfy the social instinct and provide for the social wants of the people whom it hopes to reach. This need of recreation, diversion of thought, and pure entertainment

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on the part of the working classes has not, in Miss Addams's opinion, been adequately recognized. She has visited the cheap people's theaters in the neighborhood of Hull House, and finds their representations unmoral rather than immoral, melodramatic and meretricious rather than vulgar or indecent. Indeed, the plays presented on the boards of these theaters are, as a rule, far more wholesome from a moral point of view than those presented in the theaters frequented by the wealthier classes. It is a notable fact that in the theaters frequented by the poorer classes virtue seems to be more interesting than vice to the audiences, and noble sentiments of all kinds are cheered to the echo. Miss Addams does not believe in turning the church into a theater, but she does believe in making the teaching of morals and religion more attractive; and she is confident that the churches must do something to supply the social element which is the chief attraction of the saloon for a great many who frequent it. It would be interesting in this connection to recall the extraordinary freedom with which, through out the Middle Ages, the clergy dealt with their subjects. The sensational and at times vulgar features of worship in some modern Protestant churches are often spoken of as if they were signs of the times and the product of the end of the century; as a matter of fact, the priest in the Middle Ages introduced dramatic elements far more freely than any modern Protestant would dare to do, and did not hesitate to avail himself of any method of awakening interest by approaching his subject from the dramatic or scenic standpoint. Dignity and sound taste are essential to all true worship; but there is a kind of rigidity about a good deal of modern worship which has no authority in the usage of any earlier age.

Miss Addams is of opinion, also, that a good many Protestant churches fail to reach the working people because they do not make an honest endeavor to understand them. The workingman feels that he is the victim of industrial and social conditions; he smarts and chafes, rightly or wrongly, under a sense of injustice. This feeling is widespread, and it is useless to ignore it or to dismiss it as entirely irrational; and a great many working people have, unfortunately, come to class the church with the other instrumentalities of what they call "capitalism," and to regard it as an institution especially designed for the well-to-do, and entirely in their hands. The church needs to find new ways of interpreting its spirit to working people and making them understand that it would be their helper, teacher, and friend; that it belongs to them as much as to the more fortunately placed; and that, in a special sense, they need it and would profit by its ministrations. In another column the problem of "Tenement-House Life and Recreation" is presented from the standpoint of an independent observer, and emphasizes in a somewhat different way the need of adaptation of methods of church work to modern conditions. Every minister in a city church ought to ask himself whether these things are true, and, if they are, whether he and his church are dealing with present conditions intelligently.

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The Duty of the President

The President has come to the parting of the ways, and must decide whether his powers shall be exerted to stifle or to promote a thorough investigation of the charges of incompetence brought against the War Department. The reasons which to his friends have furnished an excuse if not a justification for his delay and apparent indecision are no longer available even with those who believe in his policy and do honor to his statesmanship. These reasons were not inconsiderable, and may be easily summarized. The President had appointed a Commission to investigate these charges, and respect to that Commission demanded that he should await its investigation. He was absorbed with other and possibly weightier matters: first, the conduct of the war; then the negotiations of the treaty with Spain; then the more difficult negotiations with recalcitrants in his own party to secure the ratification of that treaty. The much-overworked proverb against washing dirty linen in the front dooryard served as a *quasi* reason for avoiding a public inquiry into public abuses. Personal loyalty to a friend operated to make the President unwilling to entertain charges of incompetence so great and with results so serious to

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individual lives and National honor. The hope was entertained from week to week that the accusation would pass by and be forgotten, for Americans have short memories.

But the President's best friends see, if he does not, that these reasons can no longer serve. The Commission, by its methods, had impaired public confidence in its judicial character even before General Eagan appeared before it. His extraordinary philippic, and the Commissioners' still more extraordinary acquiescence in its presentation, destroyed what measure of public confidence the Commissioners had up to that time possessed. Their approval of the War Department will carry no weight; their disapproval will only intensify the demand for a more adequate and searching inquisition. The war with Spain is over; the war with the Filipinos need not absorb all of the President's attention; and the ratification of the treaty with Spain leaves the President free to turn from that matter to other issues. The dirty linen is being washed in our front dooryard, in the face of all the nations; the President has not to decide whether it shall be washed, but only whether the washing shall be thorough. Loyalty to a personal friend is an admirable quality, but not when it forbids loyalty to one's country and to a suffering soldiery. The accusations of incompetence are not being forgotten; they rest no longer on even reputable and responsible newspaper correspondents; the General commanding the army of the United States has made himself responsible for them; and threescore or more of officers have given over their names their testimony to the facts which support the accusations. It is impossible for the President any longer to ignore these accusations without seriously imperiling his own political future, the future of his party, and the honor of his country.

President McKinley has had in a marked degree the confidence of the people, with the exception of that not inconsiderable class of men who never give their confidence to a party leader unless he be in their own party. But he has not that confidence as supremely or as universally as General Grant possessed it; and General Grant never entirely recovered from the shadow which the scandals under Secretary Belknap cast upon his before unsullied name. Mr. McKinley's party does not, at this writing, appear to be in immediate peril from the Democratic party, which is divided into bitterly hostile factions and is without wise leadership. Mr. Bryan is attempting to revive the cry of 16 to 1, which may become an issue in the future, but is *no* issue now. Mr. Cleveland, in the name of Jeffersonian Democracy, is crying out against that policy of expansion the successful execution of which by Jefferson constitutes his greatest claim to distinction as a statesman. But the American people have never long lacked a speaker when they possessed an opinion which they wished uttered. And there is quite time enough before the next Presidential election to find a man who will represent aggressive honesty in public life, around whom men may gather to fight for recognized competence and unquestioned integrity in all public stations. The finding of such a man forced Grover Cleveland on the Democratic party and made him Governor of New York State in 1882, and forced Theodore Roosevelt on the Republican party and made him Governor of New York State in 1898. Public honor is sacred to the American people. The demand of the meat-dealers that the agitation against the War Department for using "embalmed beef" cease, because it is injuring the beef trade abroad, adds fuel to the increasing flames of public wrath; and the people do well to be angry when they see public honor put in one side of the scales and dollars in the other, with the intimation that the dollars are the weightier of the two. Public inefficiency and public corruption are always public dishonor, but, unhappily, not a dishonor peculiar to any country or any form of government. The people have neither the right nor the inclination to insist that any President preserve the Nation wholly from either. But they have both the right and the determination that the President shall preserve the Nation from the added dishonor of stopping investigation, condoning wrongdoing, and retaining in office men who have proved themselves incompetent, if not corrupt. The people do not know who is responsible for feeding the soldiers with bad food; but they do know that it is the President's duty to ascertain who is responsible and to let no guilty man escape.

The question in America and the ques-

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tion in France do not essentially differ. In France it is charged by responsible accusers that a great wrong has been done to a brave and loyal soldier, and the world is looking on to see whether officialism has the power to prevent an honest and searching inquiry, and so perpetuate the wrong and screen the wrong-doers. In America it is charged by responsible accusers, and believed by a rapidly increasing number of Americans, that incompetence, if not corruption, has starved and poisoned many a brave and loyal soldier, so that those who died from incompetence and neglect were many more than those who died from the bullets or bayonets of the enemy. And the question which the American people are now asking themselves is this: Has officialism in this country the power to prevent an investigation of these charges, and, if they are proved true, the punishment of the incompetent and untrustworthy officials? So long as it was possible to find excuses for the President's apparent procrastination, his friends were eager to find them. So long as charity could excuse the delay, the people waited. But the time for waiting has passed. The President must assume the responsibilities which his position as Commander-in-Chief of the army lays upon him, or he will not be able to escape the judgment which the American people always render against any policy which falls under the public suspicion of having been one of timidity and evasion. Caution and courage unite in counseling the President to act in the present crisis with promptitude and vigor. The popular current is already beginning to set against him; it is not yet too late to avert it; if irresolution and inaction are further prolonged, it soon will be too late. He should at once render his decision in the case of General Eagan; and he should at once either appoint a military commission with powers which the previous Commission did not possess, and, let us add, characterized by a vigor, resolution, and impartiality which the previous Commission conspicuously lacked; or he should call on Congress to appoint such an investigating committee, and pledge to it his co-operation in securing a just judgment respecting the charges, and all the charges, brought by responsible persons against the War Department or any of its branches.

The Sorrow of Knowledge

Those who do not feel the weight of the problem of life as it presents itself to the modern mind, and who have no sympathy with those who confess that they cannot solve it, have not faced the facts. They must be very light-minded or very light-hearted; and, in either case, their attitude does not add to the evidence of a divine order working through the disorder of human affairs. Very little value attaches to the opinion of the man who has never resolutely closed with a difficult problem in an honest endeavor to know what is at its heart. To command the attention of serious students the man who attempts to discuss any phase of social and industrial life must know it at first hand; the easy-going temper which evades the deeper difficulties and offers its readily discovered remedies excites a kind of repulsion among those who want to know the worst, in order to do the best. To be of service to one's time, one must live in it on intimate terms; must know its sources of doubt and feel the currents of questioning and despair which flow through it. To rise easily above all its perplexities would be to escape its deepest experience, to miss its special education, and to lose the power of helping it. If the greatest spirit of the sixteenth century were to return to us, he could not help us until he had put our cup of bitterness to his lips and drained it. An angel could not aid men unless he were willing to be a man. The Hebrews, turning their passionate longing for righteousness into Messianic prophecy, and their passionate consciousness of sin into equally passionate hope of the coming of a saviour, thought that their problems would be solved when God appeared among them. When He came, they failed to recognize Him; because, in order to help men, God had to become a man; in order to save men from their sins, He had to feel the full force of their temptations. To the most sincere minds the secret of the power of Christ's victorious faith is found in his complete knowledge of the black facts of life. These facts it was his special mission to know; the outcast were his companions; the poor were his friends; the sick and sorrowful were the objects of his constant care. He passed by the respectable world, and sought the impure,

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the unrighteous, the vile, and the lost. There was no depth of human iniquity or suffering into which he did not look with unflinching eyes; there was no injustice or brutal neglect of which he was ignorant; there was no agony of experience through which, in fact or in fellowship, he did not pass.

It is this thoroughness of knowledge which lays the basis for Christ's unique authority in dealing with the problem of life. Theologians have had much to say about the knowledge of evil, but they give the impression of dealing with ideas rather than with breaking hearts and shattered lives. Men must have a philosophy of living, but it must be rooted deep in the facts of human experience. Christ did not offer a series of generalizations; he passed through a typical and searching experience, unique in its sympathy with misery, its passionate care for men and women in their vilest conditions, its solitariness of spirit, its isolation, and its physical suffering; and out of the depths of this tremendous, first-hand wrestling with the most awful forces and facts he affirmed the reality of the soul, the beauty of life, the certainty of immortality. Buddha, according to one of the most beautiful traditions which the race has inherited, put aside the pleasures of life in order that he might understand and share its sorrows; but the tide of those sorrows was so overwhelming that he found no solution save in renunciation of a kind which was a virtual confession of defeat. "Cease to suffer," he said, "by destroying those longings, desires, instincts, and aspirations in the denial of which suffering has its roots." "Do not strive to escape suffering," said Christ, "because through suffering your natures find their highest development, and your desires their truest fulfillment." He did not evade the chances of sorrow; he rather increased them. Instead of urging men to love less, and therefore reduce the chances of rejection or loss, he urged them to love more. He set the divine example of committing the whole soul to the issue of life; of investing one's entire spiritual fortune in the fortunes of the race. His solution was not to withdraw from the struggle, but to plunge into the very heart of it; not to take ourselves out of the path of sorrow, but to face it with a higher courage.

Christ makes an appeal to modern men, therefore, which has the weight of a supreme knowledge of the things which perplex and harass them, and of a solution which is reached, not aside from, but through, these uncertainties and perplexities. The reality of these dark and almost crushing facts in human life was felt most keenly by the divinest soul which has ever appeared in the form of man; and it is safe to say, therefore, that the depth of a man's insight into the questions which torture men, and the solidity of his conclusions regarding these questions, must depend largely upon the keenness with which he feels the force of the blackest facts with which he attempts to deal.

"In Memoriam" has had an influence upon sensitive minds of the highest kind because its music is so full of minor chords. The breadth of that noble sweep of the harp of life was possible only to a singer who had passed through the shadow of death and found sunlight beyond it. A lesser poet would have found an easier melody at hand; but he who was to sing of immortality so as to make men's hearts burn must first walk with death. The stream of hope rises very slowly in the poet's soul; it runs through many shallows and breaks against many obstacles; it is often darkened by the shadows of clouds; it broadens at times into wide, sluggish pools, and seems to have lost all movement; when at last it flows seaward with a deep, harmonious sweep, it has touched all dark and dangerous places, passed all débris and wreckage of storm and time, and found freedom and joy out of all the darkness and vicissitude of its long and tortuous course. Browning's note is more jubilant; it has the resonance of the bugle in its ringing tones; but before the vision of the Christ breaks on the young David he has become tense with the anguish of spiritual struggle; he has faced the mighty gloom of Saul with a courage drawn from all sweet sources of life—the silence of woods, the shining of waters, the songs of birds, the stir of the reapers. Before his song flashes into light it has traversed the breadth of man's life. The sublime elation of "Prospice"

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gets its most human note from the bold defiance of the foe standing in the last pass; there is no evasion, no golden mist obscuring the awful visage, no easy silence; but the clear fact, the ring of steel on steel, the supreme peril. The heaven which lies beyond such an achievement is not incredible.

It is always idle to condemn the spirit of an age in unqualified terms. There are good and evil things in every age; and those who find in any past age a complete correspondence between ideals of righteousness and human institutions reveal a lack of historical perspective. The spirit of the age is never to be lightly antagonized, however vigorously some of its manifestations are to be antagonized. It is very difficult, in the first place, to ascertain, at any given place or time, the precise nature of the spirit of an age. That spirit has as many aspects as the spirit of man; and the spirit of man is never easily defined. The wise attitude towards the spirit of the age is never one of antagonism; it is always one of patient endeavor to discover and to learn. Out of the depths of its experience some truth rises into the consciousness of each age; and the recognition of that truth is, perhaps, the greatest achievement of the age and its most lasting contribution to the life of man. This age has not, in all probability, borne heavier burdens or passed through deeper experiences than other ages. Those who have the right to speak on this subject are very few in comparison with those who assume the function of speaking; for while many make the most comprehensive statements, there are only a few whose knowledge of social and spiritual conditions is inclusive enough to furnish the materials for an intelligent opinion. There is reason to believe, however, that more men and women are comfortably housed, fed, and clothed to-day than at any earlier period in the history of the world. But into this better world there has come for the first time adequate knowledge of the conditions of the race everywhere; and with this fuller knowledge has come a new consciousness of the sorrows of life. Rapidity and completeness of communication have made the world one great community, and with this world-community has come a world-consciousness of sin, sorrow, and burden-bearing. Men have never been blind to the tragic facts of life; but they never before have known them so widely, so intimately; and out of this knowledge there has come, as was inevitable, a great depression. Something like despair has overtaken many of the most sensitive men and women; and they cry out passionately, not against their own fates, but against the fate of the race. There are times when the knowledge seems too great and terrible to be borne; when, out of the depths of life, mists and darkness rise and cover the face of the sky. Men cry out, not in the insolence of skepticism, but in agony of spirit, because of the sorrows which they can neither understand nor lighten.

To rail against the doubt which has its rise in this knowledge is to betray fatal incapacity to enter into that experience through which the race is being educated. The man who cries out against God because the sorrows of his fellows are breaking his heart is very much nearer God than he upon whom no shadow of those sorrows falls. It must surely be easier to forgive impatience with God's ways of dealing with those who suffer than indifference to their sufferings. He who carries the sorrows of the race in his heart has entered into one great phase of Christ's experience: he is seeing with clear eyes all that is in life. If our age has any supreme claim upon our reverence, it is to be found in its sorrow in the sorrows of its children. This is the Christ-spirit. There has been cross-bearing in every age, but never before have so many men and women shared Christ's consciousness of the misery of the world and walked with Christ along the way of the cross. The trouble with the pessimist is not his clear perception of evil conditions, but his lack of deeper insight and higher courage in dealing with them. Without this deeper insight and higher courage clear and honest perception of facts stops short both of comprehension and of helpfulness. The spirit of the age has the great quality of honesty; it needs the greater quality of spiritual insight; for without insight knowledge brings a crushing weight of sorrow upon the spirit. It is much, however, to face the facts; it is the first step in the spiritual reaction against their tyranny.

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The Mission of Christ's Church in a Commercial Metropolis

By Lyman Abbott[1]

For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.—1 Corinthians II., 2.

THIS text has been very often interpreted as though Paul said, I determined never to preach anything and never to know anything in my preaching except the doctrine of the atonement. But this is not what Paul says; what he says is this: Among you Corinthians I determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ, and *him crucified*. He had been at Athens, and at Athens his doctrine had been the doctrine of the resurrection. He had been at Thessalonica, and at Thessalonica his doctrine had been the doctrine of the second coming of Christ, and his future glory. He had been in Galatia, and a little later his letter to the Galatians was the doctrine of liberty in Christ. He had been at Philippi and Colossæ, and presently he wrote to them, and his letter to them was on the supremacy of Christ in the intellectual as in the moral and spiritual world. But in Corinth he concentrated all his teaching on the sacrifice of Christ.

Corinth was the great commercial metropolis of Greece. If Boston is the Athens of America, Corinth was the New York of Greece. It was situated between the Ægean and the Ionian seas, so that all commerce passing from one to the other, unless it went around the stormy peninsula, must pass through Corinth. It was at the gateway through the mountain chain that separated northern from southern Greece, so that all domestic commerce passing from the north to the south must pass through Corinth. These facts made it the great commercial metropolis of Achaia. And it had the virtues and the vices of a commercial city. It was full of enterprise and energy, but it was a city of money-makers and money-getters. It is a great mistake to suppose that the ancient Greeks were exclusively intellectual. Five hundred years before Paul's time, Pindar, the satirist, had cried, "Money, money, money makes the man," as being the epitome of Grecian character. And the vices of Corinth were the vices of a great commercial metropolis. Debauchery, drunkenness, licentiousness, gambling, were rife through all the Corinthian society.

This commercialism and this corruption had pervaded all branches of society. There was a philosophy, but it did nothing to elevate. The Sophists were themselves engaged in a commercial enterprise, and they taught, not in order to give expression to truth, but to make money; they asked themselves, What do the people want to hear? And what the people wanted to hear they gave to the people. They abounded in rhetorical effusions, in dialectics, in fine distinctions, but they never spoke to the heart or the conscience or the higher intellect. Plato has characterized the teaching of the philosophy of Corinth, and Professor Jowett has epitomized Plato's characterization in this sentence: "A Sophist is one skilled in a contradictious, dissembling, undivine, fantastic, juggling-with-words art of imposition." As philosophy did nothing for this city, so neither did religion. The corruption which had entered society and had undermined philosophy had entered the pagan churches. There was no lack of religion. There were splendid temples and elaborate rituals. More money was spent upon the churches, according to the population and the wealth, than we spend in New York. But the object of the temples was not to make men better. There was no attempt on the part of priest or prophet to harness the divine enthusiasms to life. There was no moral teaching. There were a thousand virgins in attendance on the worship of the great temple to Venus, and they were all prostitutes.

To this city, given over to money-making, pervaded by the commercial spirit, transfused with the poison of vice—to this city Paul came, and, looking on it, he said,

[1] Sermon preached in Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York, January 22, 1899. The sermon preached by the Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, of the Tabernacle, in Plymouth Church on the same Sunday, in exchange with Dr. Abbott, will be printed in The Outlook next week.

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I do not see what I can say. He could not say to these people, as he said to the people of Athens, Behold, as I look on the objects of your veneration, I see that you are exceedingly religious. He could not say, as he said to the people of Thessalonica, I proclaim to you the second coming of a king in future glory. Such a prophecy would be no antidote to the glory they were now enjoying, which satisfied their sordid souls. He said, No! the antidote to the selfish vices of this commercial city is service and sacrifice. It is the story of One who has so given himself to humanity that he has died that other men might live. I will give myself wholly to the task of putting before this Corinthian people this story of Christ crucified and the glory of cross-bearing.

It is our pride that New York is the commercial metropolis of the Union. God has given us a splendid harbor, and magnificent water highways; and our own energy has connected them with the great lakes. The Nation's banking center is here; its commercial metropolis is here; and we glorify ourselves in the fact, and in the anticipation that we may yet become the commercial metropolis of the world. Our virtues are the virtues of commercialism—industry, energy, thrift, vigor, force, accumulation; and our vices are the vices of commercialism: the great divisions between rich and poor—Chinatown further from Murray Hill than Hong-Kong from New York; the undermining in many places of the home, and the substitution of the hotel and the boarding-house; the prevalence of luxury and the prevalence of poverty; the three great vices which always characterize a commercial age and a commercial metropolis—drinking, gambling, and licentiousness; a city government which protects property and life, but which is indifferent to the vices; every variety of drinking-shop, from the gilded saloon of Broadway and Fifth Avenue to the miserable dives of the lowest quarters; and of gambling, from the pack of cards and the throw of the dice in the back room of the saloon to gambling with stocks on the Exchange; and every form of licentiousness which the imagination of man can conceive or history narrates. What is a Christian church to do in such a community as this? What is its message, what its method, and what possible force shall it set in array against these vices which sweep round it in a perpetual maelstrom? Paul answers, Service and sacrifice. Jesus Christ, and him *crucified;* Christ, not in glory, not in supremacy, not in his millennial coming—Christ poor, outcast, vilified, put to a shameful death.

There are three ways in which a church may meet the vices of a commercial age and a commercial community. In the first place, it may compromise with them. It may say, Since we live in a worldly age, we must ourselves adopt worldly methods. There are pleasure houses; we must have pleasure churches. There is exquisite music in the opera; we must borrow the dramatic arts and bring the opera music into our churches. There are theaters which appeal to men and entertain them through the arts of the rhetorician; we must have for our preacher one who will draw by the arts of the rhetorician; we must appeal through sensational methods, and make men weep or laugh, to go out as careless, when they have gone, of the moral lesson as they are when they go from the theater and the bell rings the curtain down. We must minister to men as they are; we must understand them; we must please them; we must amuse them. First we must reach the people; and we must adopt the world's arts to reach them.

This was what the pagan churches did in Corinth. They were abundant in their wealth, and absolutely inefficient as moral ministers, doing nothing for the true well-being of the nation. But it is not pagan churches alone which have been worldly when they were wealthy. In general, the Church has been pure when it was poor and corrupt when it became rich. The Jews worshiped in a tent in the wilderness. Solomon built, to take the place of the tabernacle, a magnificent temple to God; but under its shadow rival temples to the cruel and licentious gods of the heathen. In Christ's time there was a magnificent temple and an elaborate ritual, but the priests were Sadducees, who did not believe in revelation nor in immortality, and who hardly believed in God. The primitive Christian church worshiped in catacombs, and was pure and strong. When it removed from the catacomb into the cathedral, it became corrupt. In the sixteenth century a large proportion of the

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wealth of Europe had fallen into the hands of the Church, and the Church was so corrupt that, if it was not absolutely selling to men the privilege to sin, it was selling in indulgences what the people thought were permits to sin. In the eighteenth century the English Church was rich in endowments and poor in spiritual equipment; without evangelical doctrine in the pulpit, with little inspiration to a higher life in its ministry, and among its priests many hunting, drinking, and gambling parsons. Whenever the age is commercial in its spirit, and the Church compromises with the spirit of commercialism, whether it be pagan or Jewish or Roman Catholic or Protestant, it becomes itself worldly—an instrument of the world, not a savior from it. It has been well said that the Church is in the world, but the world is not to be in the Church, as the ship is in the water, but if the water gets into the ship the ship goes down.

The second method by which the Church may meet the perils of a commercial age and a commercial community is by law, prohibiting those things which lead toward temptation and which result in sin. It is the method of asceticism, of making life less because largeness of life has peril in it. This was the method of the ascetics in Paul's time, and you remember how he treats them. He says, Be not subject to such rules as, Touch not, taste not, handle not, which all are to perish in the using. This was the method of the ascetics in the Middle Ages, and out of the monasteries and out of the convents grew increased corruption. This was the method of the Puritans in the seventeenth century. They found art ministering to license, and they tore down the pictures; they found statuary ministering to license, and they destroyed the statuary; they found the theater ministering to license, and they locked the door and threw the key away. And the pictures have come back, and the statuary has come back, and the key of the theater has been found and the doors are open. Nay, the theater never was in so bad a condition, the plays were never so corrupt and corrupting, as they were in the reign of Charles II., in the reaction which followed the reign of Cromwell.

With this notion that the world can be made righteous by building a fence around life and shutting things out, Paul had no sympathy; and this he shows very clearly in his letter to the Corinthians. If ever there was a community in which a religious teacher might well say, Be careful; leave some things alone; leave some even good things out of your life, because there is peril in them, it was Corinth in the first century; but Paul, the most radical preacher that ever lived, Paul thus meets the temptations of a commercial age and a corrupt city: "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Peter, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." All teachers are ours: the Roman Catholic and the Protestant, the orthodox and the heretical, the pagan and the Christian; wherever men have spoken, seeking truth, and however that truth is alloyed with error, their utterances belong to the Christian. He is not to find his salvation from skepticism by shutting the books, turning the key on the library, keeping his eyes blinded; he is to read what has been written, hear what is said. If our faith is not strong enough to stand the shaking which skeptics give it, then let them shake it until by the shaking it is made strong, as the oaks are made strong and compelled to drive their roots into the ground by the shaking of the tempest in the branches. The world is ours, and all things in it. Henry Ward Beecher as a boy was cultivating flowers in a garden; a Puritan deacon going by said, "Henry, I am sorry to see you wasting your time on the flowers;" and Henry said afterwards, "I wanted to say, 'If it is wasting time to cultivate flowers, why did God make them?'" If it is not right to wear diamonds, why did God make them? If it is not right to have beauty in color and form, why did God make beautiful colors and beautiful forms? If we must dress in grays and blacks, why did God dress the birds and flowers in colors—scarlet and crimson and golden yellow? All life is ours; all activities. Humor is ours, imagination is ours, the dramatic instinct is ours. We cannot parcel life out and call certain things secular, saying, These belong to the world, and certain things religious, saying, These belong to the Christian. The whole world is ours, and we are to take all things and use them aright; for every-

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thing is right if we know how to use it aright, and everything is wrong if we do not know how to use it aright. What is luxury, and what is comfort? Comfort is that gratification of the appetite which ministers to the higher life; luxury is that gratification of the appetite which impairs and weakens and deadens the higher life; and what is comfort to one is luxury to another. Ten diamonds worn for beauty—Christian; one paste worn for ostentation—pagan.

All things are ours, all teachers, all the world, all life, all things present, all things to come. Why? Because we are Christ's. The young doctor goes to the hospital, and as he goes through the wards, and sees the beds and the medicines and the surgical apparatus, the chief surgeon says, These are all yours. For what purpose? To cure the sick. To sell the medicines and put the money in your pocket? To use the instruments for your own fortune or your own fame? No! They are yours for that for which the hospital was endowed—for the cure of the sick. All things are ours, Christian brethren, to use in Christ's service and for Christ's work. Nothing is right which cannot be made to make the world better, richer, happier; everything is right which may be made to make the world richer and better and happier; and religion consists in so using all things.

Righteousness shall be written on the bells of the horses, writes an old prophet. Yes, the time is coming when not on the walls of churches only, but on the walls of workshops, of factories of cars, of railroad stations, will righteousness be written. We are to make the Golden Rule the rule everywhere, not idly nesting in the churches, but the rule of life wherever life is.

The world will not be made better by compromising with the world, and the world will not be made better by restricting the world. There is but one way to meet the commercial and corrupt spirit: it is by the message of self-sacrifice. This is what, it seems to me, the Christian churches of this great metropolis are in some measure doing; not as we ought to do it; not thoroughly nor with the spirit of service and self-sacrifice which we ought to possess; nevertheless, this is what the Christian churches of this great metropolis are, in some measure, trying to do.

We are doing it by our very edifices. Critics say, What folly to build a church to be used for an hour and a half on Sunday morning and an hour and a half on Sunday evening, and to be left shut through all the days of the week! It may be or it may not be folly. I am glad there is a monument to General Grant on the banks of the Hudson River, which affords neither shelter nor food nor clothing to any mortal. It stands there bearing testimony to this: Men who were accumulating money and using money, nevertheless so loved patriotism that they were willing to put their money into something that should stand through the ages as a mute testimony to a great soldier. Such monuments to Christ are the church edifices. Imagine the resident of another planet coming to this world. Walking our streets, he comes to a great warehouse: What is this? This is a warehouse; there the various goods gathered from all over the world are stored. What is this? This is a store where these goods are laid out on counters, and where men and women may go in and buy them. What is this? This is a school-house, where children go to get their education, that they may found families, may live useful lives, may earn their daily living. What is this? This is a church. And what is a church? It is a monument to One who lived eighteen centuries ago, a poor man, unknown, uncared for, despised, outcast, crucified; and yet in this commercial, money-making city, with all the elements of vice in it, we count him the finest manifestation of God the world has ever seen, and where we have put one monument to the soldier we have put hundreds of monuments to the Christ. It is good to have the church building with its spire pointing heavenward, and to have its mute testimony to our adoration of the Christ.

We come into the church, and by our worship we bear our testimony to the Christ and him crucified. "Twice," says the Psalmist, "have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God. Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy." The first was an old story. The pagans believed that power belonged unto God. All nations in all times that have had any spirit of adora-

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tion have adored power. But the Psalmist says, We know something more of God than that. We know that divinity does not lie in power, but in the use that is made of power; in power used by the strong for the weak, by the wise for the erring, by the righteous for the sinful one. That is the message of the Church; that is the meaning of its worship. The ancient pagans worshiped Jove—he could fling a stronger thunderbolt than any catapult; they worshiped Hercules—he could lift more than any athlete; they worshiped Mercury—he could run faster than any runner; but these pagan gods were no more moral than the men who worshiped them. We gather to worship whom? Christ. Powerful? No. He wrought with little more power than men ordinarily possess. Wisdom? No. He read what was in man by divine sympathy, but he made no invention, discovered nothing, added nothing to the sum of human knowledge, scientifically measured. It is as though God had said, I will show you that the divine, the really divine, is love; for One shall come who shall not be strong, as men count strength; nor wiser than the men about him, as men measure wisdom; but who shall love as never before man loved. When one betrays him with a kiss, his last word to the betrayer shall be, Friend! When one denies him with an oath, his last look at the denier shall be one of love, to bring to him tears of penitence; when led to the cross, and women follow him weeping, his word shall be, Weep not for me, weep for yourselves. When he hangs on the cross, with the two thieves on either side, he shall bear the burden of their deserved remorse in his own heart, and his thought shall be for them, not for himself. He shall not seek to draw comfort from his friends; but when he can scarcely speak in completed sentences, almost the last words of his broken breath shall be words of thoughtful love for his mother: Mother—look—thy son! Son—look—thy mother! That is what we worship: Love! Love!

And we bear our testimony to Christ crucified by our preaching—at least we ought to. More and more, as I grow older, I think we have not done this enough, and do not do it enough. It is not fine rhetoric, not great orations, which men throng to church to receive. Fifty-two orations a year—who would be idiotic enough to think he could give them? No; it is this story of One who lived and loved and served and suffered that he might leave us an example that we should live and love and serve and suffer—it is this that draws men to our churches; it is this that is to be our theme in this age. The Christian Church must have different messages for different ages and for different communities. If the church is in a community proud of its intellectual ability and basing all truth on the senses, its message is to be the value of the spiritual sense; if it is in a community given over to mysticism, to vague imaginations, to the worship of self-will, thinking that its self-will is the voice of God, its message is to be, like Paul's message to the Colossians, the message of the historic Christ supreme in thought and life; if it is in a depressed and downcast community, its message is to be the message of a victorious Christ, a coming king. But if the church is in the midst of a commercial community threatened by the vices of commercialism, its message is to be Christ and *him crucified;* Christ the incarnation of service and sacrifice. This ought to be the message, and, thank God, more and more this is our message in our Christian pulpits. Not a doctrine of atonement; the world will never be served by a doctrine, new or old; it will never be set right by a theory, right or wrong. A Person—a living Person, a loving, serving, sacrificing Person, a Person who has shown his power of love by all that he has suffered and all that he has done for humanity: this is the meaning of our ministry.

From our churches every Sunday there go out a host, large or small, to do something for their fellow-men. The other day my associate counted up the men and women in Plymouth Church who are actually engaged, in some form, in the work of the Gospel in that church. Not counting those engaged in Christian work outside of it, he found that, out of a membership of 1,835—probably not over 1,500 resident members at the outside—562 are engaged in the organic work of the church—in the administration of its charities, its mission schools, and its kindred institutions. When our asylums and our hospitals want workers, they knock at the church doors for them; when our asylums

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and hospitals want money, they have a hospital Sunday. Do you remember how John the Baptist, disheartened and wondering whether Jesus was the Christ or not, sent his disciples to Jesus to inquire, and Jesus said to them, Stand here a little while and look on; and they saw Christ heal the sick, give sight to the blind, give hearing to the deaf, and they saw that the poor had the Gospel preached unto them; and then Christ said, Go tell John what you have seen and heard. So, to the men who sneer at the Gospel, we reply, as Dr. Robert Hall replied in England long since, Show me the beneficent work of infidels; show me what works of love they have done, what hospitals and asylums they have erected, what contributions they have taken up, what humanity they have helped. It is the churches that build asylums, that endow hospitals, that support colleges, that carry on kindergartens, that maintain mission schools, that do the work of humanity. The blind, if not made to see, are made to live almost as though they could see; the deaf are made as if they heard; the dumb are really made to speak; and the poor have the Gospel preached to them.

And, more important than all, we are to give this message of service and sacrifice by our personal lives. You cannot have one standard in the church and another out of it; you cannot preach Christ and him crucified on Sundays and live self-indulgence throughout the week. You cannot have one standard of character for one person and another standard for another. You cannot say to the minister, You must not preach for your salary, you must preach for humanity; to the doctor, You must not treat patients for fees, but must tend the poor as well as the rich; but to the business man, You may make money and give what you like. You cannot have one law of life for one man and another for another. Christ said to the minister, Follow me; but not less to the lawyer, Follow me, to the doctor, Follow me, to the merchant, Follow me. What does it mean to follow Christ? This is what Paul says: "Be intent within yourself on that on which Christ Jesus was intent, who, although originally he bore the form of God, yet did not think this equality with God was something to be eagerly grasped and retained, but emptied himself, and took upon him the form of a servant, was made in the likeness of men, and, being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself and became obedient unto death, and that the death of the cross." To be like Christ is to account nothing valuable except for service, and nothing too valuable to be sacrificed if by the sacrifice the best service can be rendered. No sermon is so eloquent as that preached by a business man who never knew that he had preached a sermon: he had been rich and had seen his property wearing away, and had gone down into the path of obscurity and poverty and carried a cheerful mind and a shining countenance and a courageous heart, because he was equally willing to be abased or to be exalted, if so he could serve his Christ. It is easy to preach, and it is a joyous thing to preach; it is a great deal harder to live the Christ-life, and it is worth a great deal more.

Sixty-odd years ago this church was founded: a church for the common people; and many and glorious have been the chapters in its history; but none have been more glorious than those written when speakers on its platform were mobbed because they dared to speak for the poor and the oppressed, the ignorant, the black-skinned, and the outcast. From that day to this it has been, if I have read its history aright, a church of Christ because a church for the people, and its ministers have been true to this its origin. I bring from Plymouth Church congratulations. Our church stands on the border of a mission district, with a dozen lodging-houses within the radius of a quarter of a mile; and this Tabernacle Church stands surrounded by all the forces of evil, within a pistol-shot of the gambling-hell, the open saloon, the house of vice. I congratulate you in the name of Plymouth Church, unofficially, but I am sure sincerely. I congratulate you on your past history, on your splendid equipment, on your glorious opportunity. May God help us all to wear this cross of Christ, not on our breast as a diadem, but in our hearts, and to show it in our daily lives. May God help us all, not to compromise with the world, nor to think we can ever save it by bringing it back to a human imitation of Mount Sinai, with theatrical thunders in the place of the old and awful ones. God help us to realize that we are to save this world by buildings

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that are monuments to Christ, by worship uttering reverence for Christ, by preaching giving the message of Christ, by work carrying out the Gospel of Christ, and by lives showing forth the life of Christ—Christ crucified—the Christ of service and of self-sacrifice; the Christ who laid down his life for us that we might, following him, lay down our lives for the brethren.

A Trooper's Diary

VII.—Last Days at Manila

Manila, P. I. October 30, 1898.

THERE is a good deal of typhoid out here. The difficulty does not seem to be so much in the treatment of the fever, as they can keep that down with ice-baths and various modern methods of treatment, but the return of strengtl. is very slow, and in this climate there is nothing to help a man to recuperate. However, they are doing all that they can; and a convalescent hospital, established near the bay where it gets the sea-breezes, will doubtless help in lowering the death-rate.

You speak of the cigar of the Manilan and you touch on a large subject here. Truly they are good, plentiful, and cheap. For two cents (American) you can get a delicious small cigar, and for five or six cents you can buy the best big ones any one wants to smoke. Just this morning the General was talking on the subject. He says that the tobacco-filling is the same, practically, for all the cigars are made on the island; the only difference is in the manufacture and wrapper. The cigar he likes best is a rather small brand that you get for $1.20 for fifty. I can certify that it is a very decent smoke. Everybody smokes here. The gay native belle walks the street with a great cigar-stub hanging out of the corner of her mouth, and even the little children play with lighted cigarettes in their faces. The climate makes a good deal of smoking, if not beneficial, certainly non-injurious. I wish that I could send you a few samples.

Manila, P. I., November 3, 1898.

I think I wrote you on Sunday of the call I had from Mr. B——, the correspondent of "Harper's Weekly." The inclosed card I found on my desk Tuesday evening when I was returning about six to dress for dinner. It sounds odd for a private to dress for dinner, but the operation is simple—one fresh suit of white sheeting plus one pair of white canvas shoes. Mrs. B—— was waiting in the canomota when Mr. B—— came up to fetch me for the dinner, about seven. I should have been much disappointed to miss seeing the decoration of the cemetery had I not already been out there. My Indian told me it was a sight worth seeing on November 1, All Souls' Day.

We, Mr. and Mrs. B—— and "yours in haste," drove over to the Escolta and had a very nice little Spanish dinner at the French restaurant. The table was out on a balcony overlooking the river and the stream of life over the Puenta de España. After dinner they proposed that we should go to the Filipino theater which had just opened. It was really interesting. The house, or rather the shed, was crowded with natives out to the bamboo stockade. We were passed in with much graciousness and bowing by an insurgent lieutenant. The manager brought three big wicker chairs and set them in the middle of the aisle, and the crowd, after a good look at us, turned its attention to the play. There was much music and some singing, and some slow and graceless native dancing; otherwise the performance consisted of loud and impassioned repetitions of the prompter's words by ladies and gentlemen who walked the boards in tragic grandeur. As the muses spoke their lines in Tagalog, we were in the dark as to much of the plot; still, we guessed at the general lines of the story.

November 11.

Yesterday the joyful mail came. It is a refreshment to the spirit, and I only want the power to answer over or through the world direct. The time it takes these mails is wretchedly long; the letter with

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the latest date is one from C——, the 30th of September. I was much touched with little Alice's pin-holder. You do appreciate the childhood possible in American homes when you see the contrast here. There is affection and much tenderness, but so pitifully little chance for "sweetness and light" among a people so poor that decency is only within the reach of a few. The poor natives have asked bread of State and Church, and have been plundered by the former and fooled and debauched by the latter. You are all the time meeting cases where persistent effort and much faithfulness have brought only enough to starve on—thanks to the tax-collector and the padre.

But this will reach you in the joyful Christmas season. And again in this joy I feel that I can more heartily than ever be glad and give thanks for the blessed Christ ideal that came into this world two thousand years ago. That ideal, embodied in his personality, I believe, is going to conquer and hold these islands, whether or not America be his missionary.

November 12.

I had decided to make some change in my boarding arrangements the first of the month, but the plan of living in a Spanish house did not seem practicable, and so I have given it up. My Bonifacio, alias John, suggested that he get my breakfast for me in my room. So I tried this arrangement, keeping on at the major-domo's mess for two meals a day. John's breakfasts at ten cents apiece are a grand success. He makes a fine cup of coffee, into which I beat one raw egg. This plus two buns is all I need, and far superior to what I was getting at the mess. John is pleased as Punch to do it, and has the meal ready promptly when I return from my shower-bath. Isn't this Oriental luxury for a private? Monday, the seventh, I made another change, and took board for dinner and supper with a Company of the Twenty-third Regiment Infantry that is quartered in the Treasury building, one block from here. For this I pay at the rate of seven dollars per month. The Company lives well, and I am enjoying the army cooking after a little too much poor Spanish cooking. I make money on the arrangement to boot. A week ago Friday I went to the native stores where the best native cloth was to be had. I send by this mail samples of it.

On Sunday last I went out and took dinner with the troop. They are living in very comfortable quarters, and are feeding much better. The Captain called me up to him and had quite a talk on things in general and my own welfare in particular. He said, among other things, that if I would return to my troop he would give me the chance of being made a corporal next month. He explained the advantages of the position, chief among which was that I need do no more kitchen "police." I thanked him very kindly and said that I should take until next month to consider the proposition—with his permission. This seemed satisfactory. And so at last military advancement seems thrust upon me! If I took the position, I would be the first recruit non-com in our troop. I told the General the next morning very seriously that I might ask him to return me to my troop. He looked up quickly, and I said I had the chance of promotion. When he heard the full brilliancy of my prospects, he leaned back and laughed long and merrily, and said, "Now, whatever you do, don't let this military glory turn your head." I promised. If you think well of my being discharged, I shall not have to meet the question. But if not, I think I shall probably accept the position offered, even though it means less comfort and more work and not a little unpopularity. But I have some weeks to go before I get to my bridge.

Office of the Military Governor in the
Philippine Islands,
Manila, November 19, 1898.

I have changed my office for a day or two, and am at present assisting Captain M——, General Otis's aide. One of the clerks in this office is sick, and until the new man is broken in, I am on hand to help. General H—— made tender of my services to the Governor-General, and I am glad to be obliging my General in this indirect way. My work here in the office has consisted wholly of typewriting—translations of letters and briefs of letters received. I think after my former mode of life I would find many weeks of this rather confining, but for a change I rather like it. General Otis keeps very long hours, getting to his office before eight,

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and not leaving, as a rule, till after six, with no time for nooning. He expects his immediate clerks to be here all that time. Then he works all day Sunday, and while there is very little business done, still everybody must be on hand.

You will like to know that the weather is cooler, and that the dry season is due in a week or ten days. We have been having rain by the three and four days together. I am well as I could wish to be, and have had no suggestion of a return of malaria. We feel very serious concern for the Paris deliberations. It is practically settled, I suppose, that we keep the islands, but I do hope that the negotiations will be carried on not in a high-handed way on our side. If we are not able to stand victory and to be magnanimous and generous, I think we need a little defeat medicine. I have read with great interest two able utterances of an annexationist on this island problem. They made me realize that I had, in my thoughts, been giving too much weight to the suffering and sickness and death of our men, necessitated in the conquest and retention of these islands, and too little to the gains that would come to our commerce and to these Indians' souls. I don't know that I am quite an annexationist even now, but I think I see much more in the other side than I did.

Manila, P. I., November 25, 1898.

Thanksgiving Day, yesterday, was somewhat unlike the conventional celebration. I spent the day very quietly. The noon dinner with "C" Company of the Twenty-third was remarkable for the abundance and quality of its menu—roast chicken, potatoes, onions and radishes, coffee and milk; and for dessert, jelly tarts and canned peaches. And still they talk of the hardships of army life! Of course we will make up for the feast by weeks of extra plain living. The Government makes no special provision for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. In the afternoon I slept until K—— wandered in about four, and after a good long chat we went out to dinner at the English Hotel. K—— had to return to his troop a little after eight. It is perhaps a little hard to remember the true meaning of the day out here—not because we lack causes for thankfulness, but rather because the environment is not associated with Thanksgiving.

Manila, P. I., November 28, 1898.

My order for discharge has come, and through your kindness I am once more in prospect of gaining my civil rights. I can hardly realize that my soldier experience is almost over; but I am glad that it is so. If I looked forward to the kind of work we have out here now, I should want to prepare myself for it by a course on the West Point plan. As it is, I am convinced that what training I have, which my life so far has been spent in gaining, is not available for the Government's service. I should either know *more* or *less*. I think the General was right in saying that in this military government out here there was no place for me unless I had a commission. You will like to know how I got the news. On Saturday afternoon, Captain M——, General Otis's aide, sent for me and gave me some trifling bit of work to do, and incidentally asked if I had heard that an order had come from Washington for my discharge. He was smiling all over, and enjoyed seeing me "take the news." I told him that I had heard nothing, to which he felt bound to reply in a perfunctory manner that he should not have mentioned it, as the order was not out yet.

. . . . . .

My order of discharge, which I got this morning, reads:

(Special Orders No. 119, § 8.) Pursuant to telegraphic instructions from the Adjutant-General of the Army, dated November 25, 1898, Private Huntington, Troop E, Fourth United States Cavalry, will be discharged the service of the United States. The Quartermaster's Department will furnish transportation to this soldier to San Francisco, Cal., from which point he is entitled to travel-pay to place of enlistment.

By command of Major-General Otis.

THOMAS H. BARY,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Official.

(Signed) L. P. SANDERS, Aid.

First I will get an order relieving me from duty here and sending me back to the troop before I act on the foregoing.

Manila, P. I., December 1, 1898.

No longer can you address your son as "private," because he can show you his discharge, which says that he is no longer bound in any way to the Army of the United States.

HUNTINGTON.

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The Yellow China Dog

By Mary Clarke Huntington

THE auctioneer was handsome and fair, despite the brown ruddiness which the sun and wind had left upon his cheeks. His forehead, under soft felt hat, was white as a girl's, and about it his hair curled in tight blonde rings, lending his face an innocent childlikeness. As he poised upon the inverted packing-box which he had improvised into an auction-block, he might have been posing as Apollo—so erect and well proportioned was his lithe, sinewy figure. But of Apollo he knew nothing; of posing he knew nothing. His thoughts were wholly with the faces over which his keen eyes traveled for a bid. This was but the second time he had "auctioned," and he felt that he had a reputation to achieve. He swung the rusty hoe in his hand as if it were the lever of Archimedes. The auction had been billed for ten, sharp, and already it was a quarter past. He had waited so that a larger crowd should gather.

"Ladies an' gentlemen, see this hoe. You can make it look like new with a drop of oil an' a bit of sandpaper—"

"An' a power o' elbow-grease," growled a grizzled man near by.

"Who bids? Somebody give a figure for a starter. *Say* something!"

"One cent," murmured a small boy, winking at his own jocoseness.

His murmur passed unheard by the auctioneer.

"*Say* something!"

"Ten cents."

This was a girl's sweet treble, which faltered into a laugh as the bidder settled, like one wishing to screen identity, behind the shoulder of a fat, middle-aged woman in a shade hat and a worn bright-blue silk dress. If the auctioneer recognized the treble, he made no sign.

"That's right for a starter, but think how you men 'd feel to see a woman digging 'round her posies with a good hoe that she got for ten cents, while you ride over to the store an' pay forty cents for one not a bit better. Who'll raise the bid? *Say* something!"

"Fifteen," bassoed the grizzled man.

"Fifteen cents—fifteen cents! Somebody make it twenty. I hear twenty. Who'll make it twenty-five?"

"Twenty-five," came quick response.

"Twenty-eight."

"Thirty."

And, with competition stimulated, bids climbed still higher, until the grizzled man walked off with the hoe and a smile of triumph which forbade one to remember that he had paid more for the second-hand article than was the price of new.

It was mid-October, and mild with a mildness which held regretful lingering of summer together with the vivifying quality of the first frosts. The Elbridge house stood on high land, and its back door, before which the auctioneer had set his block, overlooked a beautiful valley and a sweep of far-stretching hills, among whose vivid foliage tints showed here and there chimneys and roofs of a farmstead. Yet few of those present had a thought of the scenery, although the glow of the golden weather permeated their consciousness and moved them to verbal expression of the suitability of the day for an auction. The bids and the values, their neighbors' dress or family matters, the shoulder-to-shoulderness of the affair, interested them more than yonder foliage tints, or yellow stubble fields, or brook wimpling through nearer valley—where the mill, mossy-roofed, spider-webbed as to doorway corners, stood with silent wheel; for the grizzled man was none other than the miller, whose hopeless if not ultimately fatal dissipation was auctions. His neighbors prophesied that auctions would be the death of him yet—much emphasis upon the yet! Only the girl who had bid the starter seemed alive to earth and sky and air in their divine ratio to each other. She, from the vantage-ground of a seat upon a stone step leading to the back door, rested her head with its dark, unhatted hair against a trellis up which a frost-brightened woodbine clambered, and gazed dreamily over the heads of those below. Yet, although she did not so much as glance in the direction of the auctioneer, she knew each time his eyes turned toward the scarlet splendor of the trellis; his insistent "*Say*

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something!" to start a new bid among the reluctant crowd blent in her ears with the low warble of a bluebird that, tarrying late toward a bleak New England winter, fluted from an elm-tree across the road. We who have heard a bluebird know that it never can get the spring blitheness quite out of its voice, though at every wind-gust splashes of red and yellow and russet may be floating earthward. To Thelma Dickerson the bluebird thrilled of spring! spring! spring! —that spring which is a part of youth's everydayness, and which ebbs only when life has reached tidewater. Two women whispered behind her.

"She's been called the prettiest girl in town, Mis' Burdick."

"I don't know who anybody could 'a' been lookin' at to say so, Mis' Green," the other whispered back, with that grudging of praise to her sex which seems inherent in some of us. "An' that red dress, too! It's 'nough to put one's eyes out. Most folks wouldn't want to wear sech a thing." She scanned the leaning figure, irritatedly conscious that the simply made, vivid red gown, black-collared and black-belted, would not suit another girl anywhere about. "Why don't she put on her hat 'stead o' holdin' it?"—and she glanced at the black straw sailor lying on her red-skirted knee. "I s'pose she thinks she looks mighty pretty 'round here bareheaded. They say Ralph Fuller is rather struck on her, but I guess it's mostly talk. 'Twould take more'n a chin dimple to fetch Ralph. There's girls he likes jest as well, I imagine." She smiled as one who knows. She had a daughter turned seventeen.

Her companion smiled also, but the smile was tinged with consciousness that Susie Burdick was even more silly than she was good-looking, and that Mrs. Burdick was anxious to marry her off. Her own children were twin boys, and twelve their next birthday. Mrs. Burdick raised the whispers to a tone that, while confidential, might yet be heard of all the world.

"I do hope they'll get th' outdoor truck off pretty soon, so's to begin on th' household stuff. I only come for that airtight. It'll take in a chunk, an' I c'n keep a fire all night. We need a fire nights th' heft o' th' winter. Sam says he's froze while dressin' long enough. Our room an' Susie's open out o' th' settin'-room, so 't 'll be reel comfortable for us to have sech a stove. Sam give me five dollars, an' told me to run it up to that if I couldn't get it without. He wa'n't able to let me have any more, because this has been sech a bad year with us. He's lost a colt, an' then some nice shoats had th' scurvy, an' potatoes—well, potatoes *is* potatoes this fall. We'll be lucky if we've got enough for our own use through th' winter. How's things with you, Mis' Green?"

Mrs. Green sighed in a way which indicated that it had been a hard year with her also. She was a thin, wiry little woman, from whose colorless face the hair was strained away into a tiny twist at the back of her head. Mrs. Burdick, large, florid, and showing false frizzes beneath the edge of a too youthful turban, wondered why Samantha Ann never did know how to dress, even when she was a girl and trying so hard to catch that clumsy Bill Green whom nobody else wanted. But Mrs. Green was as unconscious of her neighbor's inward criticism as that neighbor a few moments ago had been of hers. How well for our self-esteem that we cannot always read the thoughts of those who smile into our faces!

"I haven't but five dollars either, an' I want th' extension-table. I'm tired o' piecin' out my little square table with another little square table when we have comp'ny. I've one reel handsome large table-cloth that Cousin Miranda Gillett give me, an' it'll cover th' table with all th' leaves in, sure. I'm sorry I've only th' one large cloth, but I c'n do it up betweenwhiles o' usin'."

"Y-e-e-s," reflected Mrs. Burdick, "so you can. There! th' household goods have come on."

The auctioneer was crying his wares to a different value. It was the feminine element that he tried to please now, and he threw in compliment or merry badinage with every sale. Some of the younger women bought articles they did not want for the exchange of words with the auctioneer. But the dark-haired girl by the trellis made no more bids.

"Th' stove an' th' dinin'-table won't be fetched to th' block—they're too heavy," said Mrs. Green. "We'll have to go into th' house after them."

"Yes," said Mrs. Burdick. "Well, I

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declare, if somebody ain't sayin' it's nigh noon! I might ha' known it by th' way old Jimmy Downs is eatin' saleratus biscuit without a mite o' butter. I believe th' reason little Harold Downs has rickets is because his mother cooks so poor. But I'm dretful hollow. Ain't you, Mis' Green? Have some o' my cookies an' a doughnut."

Mrs. Green shook her head with the flattering air of one strongly tempted, and produced a lunch-basket.

"I fetched somethin'. Do jest try a pickle an' a bit o' my gingercake. Now —Mis' Burdick!"

The two women exchanged samples of lunch and compliments upon the same. The auctioneer, with a brass bird-cage in each hand, was working to raise the bids —his alert, handsome face flushed and smiling.

"Why, I'll take one of 'em myself at that price! Forty cents? Ree-dic-er-lous! Who'll bid fifty? Do I hear fifty?"

"If you'll listen to th' advice o' a gray-head, you'll be sure o' your bird before you buy a cage, my boy," cried the miller, loudly.

At this sally the young fellow turned conscious eyes toward the woodbine trellis, but went on imperturbably with the sales.

"Here's a fine sunbonnet—love of a sunbonnet, ladies. Who'll bid? If you think it ain't fancy enough, look here." He tied the strings under his chin, and bowed to the laughing lookers-on. "A very fine bonnet! Twenty cents once—twenty cents twice—twenty cents three times. Did I hear somebody bid twenty-five? No? Twenty—cents—three times —and sold to Jim Cook!"

There was a general roar from the men as a loutish stripling shambled up, with pipe in mouth—a grinning and hangdog bidder.

"Didn't s'pose I'd get it. Thought some o' th' women-folks 'd go higher," he muttered, in apology for his acquisition.

"Make that Tompkins girl wear it Sunday nights, Jim," suggested a bystander; at which poor Jim retired swiftly to the extremest outskirts of the crowd.

"Did you ever?" ejaculated Mrs. Burdick to her companion, who shook her head as signifying that she never did. "Well, if that ain't th' beatin'est! Sellin' his wife's sunbunnit to auction!"

"Mebbe 'tain't his wife's," suggested Mrs. Green, reluctantly. It was hard for her to admit a doubt, as the item would be of such interest to retail through the Hollow where she lived. Mrs. Burdick scouted the possibility.

"I seen Sally wearin' that same identical bunnit a-berryin' this summer over in Judge Skittleses pasture. I sh'd think Ike Gardiner 'd be ashamed o' himself! I s'pose he was reel good to Sally. She set a store by him, an' they was happy as clams. But when she lay dyin' he wouldn't let none o' her folks see her. Most o' these things that are sellin' come to him through her, an' ought natchelly to been divided among them. Poor Sally! She did go dretful sudden. I jest heard she was poorly—then she was dead. It's often th' way with consumption."

"Sure," agreed Mrs. Green. "What a horrid, humbly sofa-cushion!"

But the auctioneer was putting it on its merits.

"My sister's making one after this pattern, an' if you knew what a sight of stitches it took, every one of you would scrabble for a chance at it. Why, she works on it before breakfast, she works on it while she's waiting for me to finish dinner—found some of the silk in my gravy one day—she's at it when I go to bed. Now she's for getting glasses so her eyes won't give out before she finishes. What do I hear? Ten cents? Fifteen? Twenty? Twenty-five? Are you going to let somebody else have this elegant cushion when you could get it yourself by bidding a bit higher? Thirty cents? That's more like it. Thirty-five, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy-five, eighty. Make it a dollar, somebody. Go the twenty and make it a dollar before I talk myself any hoarser. That's it—a dollar! A dollar once, a dollar twice, a dollar three times—an' sold to Miss Lizzie Brown for a dollar!"

He tossed it over the crowding heads to the purchaser—a buxom girl, who smiled at him as she caught it cleverly enough. And he smiled back like one who does not hesitate to return such debt with compound interest. He was the beau of the place, and he knew it; knew also that he could have his pick among a dozen blooming lassies; the x in the algebra of his twenty-five years was whether Thelma Dickerson would marry

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him if he should ask her. Yet this did not keep him from smiling at the girl who bought the cushion. Thelma saw the smile, and smiled faintly herself at the girl's flattered air. Then she drew her black brows together and looked away at the hills. How easy it would have been to forgive the smile that he flung with the cushion if he had but vouchsafed an after-glance toward the trellis! Presently she got up and moved away—the fat, blue-silked woman crowding into the space left by her slender figure. When the auctioneer again turned in the direction of the scarlet woodbine, a bright-blue bulk showed against it like an impressionist painting. From a morning-glory-screened window Thelma saw the disappointed flicker of his eyes, their furtive failing search among the crowd, and rejoiced—femininely triumphant. But she did not push out on to the steps. She sat inside and talked with a rheumatic old lady who was exuberantly happy over a box of sewed rags which her husband had bid off. Now she could finish out that carpet for the furder bedroom!

The sun grew warmer as it poured from the zenith, and women laid aside wraps, and men lounged in the shade, smoking. Mrs. Green and Mrs. Burdick, still cozily side by side, shook the lunch-crumbs from their laps, and allowed they was jest about stiffened; they must cirkilate a mite, an' get limbered up. There were many small things still between them—the airtight and the extension-table—so, with becks and nods and wreathed smiles, they separated.

Had they kept together perhaps a climax would have been averted, for propinquity might have held them from being simultaneously seized with desire to possess the yellow china dog! As it was, Mrs. Burdick, turning from warm osculatory greeting with a half-forgotten schoolmate, felt the conviction that Susie would be dretful pleased to have her bring home the yellow china dog as an ornament for the parlor mantel; and into the brain of Mrs. Green, hearing with relish an account of how Mr. Skiggses second wife's daughter was getting a divorce from her husband, flashed certainty that the twins would be tickled to death at having the yellow china dog among their Christmas presents. Each reasoned that it must of necessity go for a few pennies, that she had in her pocketbook a five-dollar bill, and that neither stove nor table would get run up so high. In the auctioneer's open palm sat the yellow china dog, its blue painted eyes staring vacantly under little cocked ears, its apology for a tail curled fascinatingly over its back—visible sign and token of

> . . . how slight a thing may move
> Dissension between hearts that love!

"A valuable mantel ornament, without a crack or a break—tail all on." A gurgle of laughter followed this reference to the puppy's abbreviated appendage; smiling faces pressed nearer. "Look at it, ladies an' gentlemen—look at it! Who bids? *Say* something!"

"One cent!" shrilled Mrs. Green.

Mrs. Burdick turned wide-eyed surprise at her old schoolmate and close friend of to-day. Why should Samantha Ann want such a thing? Her children were boys, and her parlor mantel overcrowded with shells and dried grasses! But perhaps—yes, she really had very few ornaments. Mrs. Burdick thought of her own superfluity of knickknacks, and hesitated. Then she glanced again at the yellow china dog. How inimitably droll the cock of its ears, how absurdly humorous the lift of its eyebrows! She could put it on the left end of her parlor mantel under a red fan tacked artistically to the wall. She well knew how Susie's deft fingers would place it. And now that Susie was getting old enough to have company Sunday nights— Her bid rang high and firm.

"Two cents."

It was Mrs. Green's turn to stare now. How could Eunice bid against her! But perhaps it was only in jest, and for her part she was willing to be run a penny or two.

"Three cents."

"Four cents."

"Five cents."

"Ten cents."

The two women were eying each other now.

"Fifteen!"

"Twenty!"

People exchanged glances and smiles, pushing close to catch every turn of the comedy. The auctioneer, with instinct of the trade, waved the yellow china dog

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ingratiatingly, his white teeth gleaming over the situation, for war to the knife was by this time visible upon the faces of both bidders. Mrs. Green's colorless cheeks had flushed with excitement, and Mrs. Burdick's florid countenance showed a white line about the mouth.

"Twenty-five!" she snapped, nodding her head as if to say that her opponent was silenced now and forever.

But her opponent had both voice and money left.

"Thirty-five!"

Then the antiphony:

"Fifty!"

Smiles gave place to laughter among the crowd, which circled to inclose the bidders, the gaping, amused faces shutting them as it were in an arena. And never sands of amphitheater saw more irate if more bloody gladiators! The next bid elicited a burst of applause.

"One dollar!"

Fast and furious rose the bids, the two voices combating each other. The bluebird which had flitted all the morning about the elm-tree across the road flew away, its song silenced, and the golden mellowness of the Indian summer day was shivered by those conflicting feminine chromatics. It was only when Mrs. Burdick's last bid cut the air that Mrs. Green drew herself up with a gasp, and held her breath while the auctioneer's voice rang out:

"Five dollars once—five dollars twice—five dollars three times—an' sold to—"

Mrs. Green opened her purse, and shook from inside a folded bill a bright new cent! She flung at her quondam friend a chuckle of triumph, waving the coin aloft. The auctioneer, with wider gleam of teeth, struck the hammer.

"Sold at five dollars an' one cent to Mrs. Green."

Had not the bluebird already flown, such uproar of mirth as arose from the auction field would have drowned even the memory of his own music! Mrs. Green put down crisp bill and shining copper, and, china dog in hand, defiantly turned to the outbidden bidder—who, from the ashes of defeat, rose, phœnix-like, to unexpected retaliation.

"You c'n set th' yellow china dog in th' middle of your two square tables th' nex' time you have comp'ny, Samantha Ann," she smiled. "I'm goin' in to look at that airtight!"

Mrs. Green gazed full into the taunting face.

"If ever I speak to Eunice Burdick after to-day—" she mentally registered. But she answered with overmatching sweetness: "I'm reel sorry you was disappointed, Eunice. You sh'll have your chance again." She held out to the auctioneer the yellow china dog. "Put it up for sale."

When the auction folk plodded homeward, their wagons piled high with bargains, the sun dipped to the horizon—for dusk came on early with the shortening days. As a fresher breeze sprang from the West, red and yellow and russet fell from the maples like drops of color off the brush of an artist. The bluebird, having come back to the elm where it had nested all summer, was fluting again—a low, sweet warble, which meant yearning for fledglings flown, yet which held the old undercurrent of spring! spring! spring! A slim figure, red-gowned, black-hatted, and fitting into the color scheme of the autumn sunset, walked along the footpath under the maples. When a rustling drew near behind her, she did not turn, neither did she quicken her steps with coy consciousness of being sought, as some other girl might have done, but her dark head poised itself more proudly on the slender neck. The rustle was at her side now.

"Your dress is just the shade of the maple leaves. It makes you look like a redbird," he said—then wondered why he should have spoken thus when he had meant to surprise her by speech more important.

With Thelma this touch of appreciative comparison gave him an advantage that nothing else could have done. Yet she only said:

"Does your way home lie through the Hollow, Mr. Fuller? I didn't know you'd moved."

Many a time Ralph had essayed conversation with this saucy damsel and been flouted to mute embarrassment, but now consciousness of his day's success as an autioneer and the lingering excitement of forcing bids acted as a stimulant which pushed him on to put his fate to the touch.

"You didn't buy anything."

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She colored ever so faintly, wondering if he knew she had started the day.

"I came just for the fun of it," she said.

He let her air of indifference pass unnoticed.

"As you didn't buy anything, I bought something for you. See!" The hand which he thrust into his pocket brought out—the yellow china dog!

"You didn't pay five dollars for that! Why, Ralph!"

Real concern over such possibility kept her from noticing the slip of the tongue which warmed his heart. What would he not do to have her call him Ralph?

"It went for five cents the second time," he said, "and I was the only bidder!"

The blue and the black eyes laughed at each other. Thelma turned the object of variance between friends in her tapering fingers.

"'A valuable mantel ornament.'"

"Well, ain't it valuable?" The mirth in his voice changed to something that choked him. She glanced up, but her lashes fell instantly before the resoluteness under his. "And I give this valuable mantel ornament to you—on a condition."

She did not ask the condition; he knew that she would not.

"The condition is—that you let it stand on our mantel shelf!"

Spring! spring! spring! warbled the bluebird. The sun poured out the last strength of its setting in a flood of ruddy golden splendor, which fell about the lovers and shone back from their faces. Spring! spring! spring! How blithely warbled the bluebird! Had it forgotten empty nest and fallen leaves? Hark! . . . But no! it warbled of the spring to be.

"Now that I've given you something, what will you give me, Thelma?" He put into his voice the insistence with which he had cried the auction goods, and used with humorous earnestness his stock phrase of urging: "*Say* something!"

Pleased at his aptness, there sparkled at him from her dark eyes the coquetry that yields while it denies—such coquetry as a man loves in the woman he loves.

"I won't *give* you anything, but I'll *sell* you—the yellow china dog! What do you bid?"

Ralph's heart was in his face as he reached for the valuable mantel ornament held tantalizingly just beyond his grasp.

"I'll give myself," he said simply.

"If that is all you have to offer—" she parried. Then, with sweet relenting: "Going—going—gone!"

Two wagons rattled by. In the last one sat Mrs. Burdick, erect and severe-lipped despite the airtight which she was carrying home, despite also the extension-table—which she had bid off on credit to see if she couldn't get edge-even with Samantha Ann! When the teams had passed beyond hearing of the auctioneer and his companion, the woman in the first wagon turned—showing the thin, sarcastic face of Mrs. Green. She pointed around with her whip at the two who loitered along under the color-spilling maples; loitered along in the sunset light toward the glowing west—a new world of enchanted sweetness! The delight of this fling banished her last regret over the extension-table.

"I guess," she screamed above the grind of wheels, "I guess it *will* be a match after all!"

Tenement-House Life and Recreation

By Lillian W. Betts

RECENTLY the pastor of a church in a tenement-house district, a church so distinctively recognized as a church for working people as to be called the People's Church, announced that dancing-classes would be organized and conducted in a building erected by the church for the use of the people—a building in which all the social and edutional activities of the church were conducted.

The pastor of the church had for several years been studying the need of the community to which his church was to minister. The pleasures of the people naturally came under his observation, especially the pleasures of the young people. The result was that dancing-classes were organized, with a professional teacher and two of the church people in charge. The announcement of these dancing-classes naturally gave rise to severe criti-

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cism. The conservative element in the churches were greatly shocked that a church should not only countenance but provide the opportunity for dancing; and held that to take the still more startling position of providing education for this form of amusement, which, in the minds of these people, ranked with gambling and like evils, was a crime against religion. Doubtless many of these critics give money liberally to churches and to charitable organizations, but too few of them know the daily life of the wage-earning people, old or young, well enough to expend either money or time intelligently. Generosity does not insure knowledge.

A desire for recreation and amusement is found wherever the physical life is normal. Especially is this true of the young. The utter impossibility of social life in a tenement-house home is an accepted fact. As one woman sixty-six years old put it: "I have wanted a birthday party all my life, but I never had the room and I never had the dishes; may I give one here next Thursday?" The "here" was the dining-room of the College Settlement in New York, where a woman's club met each week. This desire to exercise the grace of hospitality to provide a social opportunity for friends is the natural desire of every normal human being; being born into conditions of poverty does not kill it. What is the social glass that leads to the wrecking of so many of the people, old and young, in our tenements but the exercise of this grace under the only conditions and in the only possible place in tenement regions, the public bar-room—the poor man's social center?

The boys and girls in the family of the workingman anticipate from early childhood the day when they can earn money. Far more frequently than the reverse, this is wholly unselfish. It comes from the desire to lessen the family burdens or increase the family comforts and pleasures. The test of the goodness of a son or daughter in a workingman's family is that he or she give to the mother the envelope in which the week's wages is received, unopened. This test of goodness was once brought forward at the coffin of a daughter of sixteen by a mother who misused every dollar placed in her hands: "She was a good girl, never a better; she handed her envelope unopened to her mother every pay-day." What more could a mother ask, according to this mother's standards? What is given in exchange, or taken without consent? Liberty. Tacitly it is agreed that for the complete control of wages the wage-earner shall be given freedom. The young wage-earner goes and comes, often without control or attempt to control on the part of the parents. This is, according to established standards, a fair exchange.

There are exceptions, but this is the rule.

Is it dangerous? Yes and no. To the manners of the girls, yes. They become accustomed to sights and sounds that blunt their sensibilities, and manners and language suffer. The attitude of the working-girls of even the rougher class toward the girl who falls, even though she be deceived, is harsh to a degree that is brutal. Perhaps this is the instinct of self-preservation. Many an employer will testify that he has been compelled to discharge a suspected girl to keep his other employees, when his sympathy for the unfortunate girl moved him to give her employment. A group of sixty girls who earn on an average three dollars per week forty weeks in the year, who live under the poorest home conditions, who are untidy and unclean, have been watched for five years. One girl in this group fell, but she is socially cast out, utterly. One was driven out of the factory because a girl arrested for disorderly conduct gave this girl's Christian name and her address. A highly colored description of the arrest and appearance at court was given in one of the journals which make life a burden to rich and poor. The girl whose name was used was, unfortunately, not at work the day of the arrest; she proved an alibi; but she had to go out of that factory, and by some of the girls is not recognized on the street. Yet to this group of girls, who dance on the street at lunch-time in front of their factory, singing their own dance-music, what recreation is possible? Only that provided in halls connected with saloons, and the dancing pavilions on the outskirts of the city, where the buying of a drink gives the right of the floor to any man.

When the words "working boy" or "girl" are used, they must be made to cover as many social grades and standards

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as the words "rich" and "poor" are made to cover in the mind of the reader. There are wage-earners under twenty-one and over sixteen who can and do secure all the recreation they need by purchase; and they need never be considered when the subject of recreation for wage-earners is under discussion. The working boy and girl who should be considered, and who have a claim on the wealth and intelligence of the community, are the boys and girls who begin their wage-earning career at fourteen, and, when the law can be avoided, younger. The life of these children, often when earning wages under the best conditions, is one that does them an injustice; sometimes it is cruel. They begin working in childhood while they are growing and while the play spirit is dominant. There comes to my mind now a girl of fourteen who is representative of hundreds of little girls in New York. She sat on the front stoop of a tenement-house on Sunday afternoon, holding a pretty doll on which she had just put a dress and cloak. Her entire Sunday morning had been spent in making these garments. As her radiant face responded to the compliments her taste and skill called forth, there floated through my mind the remarks of the child's mother made the previous week: "I wish she had a better place. She has to be there at half-past seven, and she works until six, and she is so tired when she gets home that she goes to sleep—and only $2 a week for it; it is very little, but it almost pays the rent." Sunday morning the child lived her own life in the realm of play. The only relaxation offered this class is the night schools, of which thousands avail themselves—one of the greatest tributes to the American spirit that American civilization presents. Where else on earth can be found thousands of boys and girls trying to secure an elementary education, of their own will and volition, after eight and ten hours' work in crowded workrooms, where the return in wages would scarcely supply nutritive food and does not supply suitable clothing; hundreds of them working not for their own benefit but for that of their families, receiving for their personal needs but the imperative fraction that will enable them to continue as wage-earners? What does the church do for these children in the way of recreation? That which presents the hall-marks of religion. Often what it presents has in it no educative power in that direction; and the element of amusement is so rare as to be said to be left out. That occasionally an evening of fun is given under the auspices of the church is true; but it is more positively true that to the recreative side of life, which is one of the foundations of right living, of educating in the right direction, next to nothing is furnished by the church. Everywhere the exercise of self-activity and creative power is recognized as a factor in development. How large an opportunity for the exercise of these powers is presented to these children, and to the people of the grade to which these young wage-earners belong? And we all know that the receptive power must depend on the ability to comprehend; and yet this is the one mental factor on which the church depends for its power and its growth, especially among the poor. The street, for these people, then, must be their place of freedom, of real relaxation, self-activity, and creative power; and here this power depends on the present mood of the policeman on the beat.

Above this grade among young men is substituted the club, which becomes at once the social and political center. The place of meeting must of necessity be almost always in connection with a saloon. "The outing" in the summer becomes a social feature. The outing consists in securing a so-called park, a place where beer and stronger drinks are sold under trees, where there is a dancing pavilion. The time is usually Sunday. Here all day dancing goes on. Sometimes the proprietor of one of these parks is a member of the city club, and then the outings are many. In winter, halls over barrooms, frequently with bars in the corner of the room, provide the only opportunity for dancing, the one amusement of hard-working boys and girls. The church so far has stood aloof. Philanthropy itself, which perhaps would claim to be closer to the people, has not provided for the independent social life in tenement-house districts.

The church, if it would, could develop the social life of the tenement-house region. It leaves it to the proprietor of saloons, and he provides a room to increase the sales at his bar.

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The church as a social center could draw to it all whose instincts are right; could through its purely social activities reach those who now refuse it recognition. It is a sad failure the church in the tenement-house regions has to face. If the broad-minded men and women working under it were to speak freely, they would say: "Provide for every church in the tenement-house regions a neighborhood house, where seven days in the week the people of the neighborhood of all classes and creeds shall find that which ministers to the social and the educational needs of the community. Let the church provide places where groups of people drawn together by the law of natural selection may meet for social intercourse, and provide refreshments at minimum cost, subject only to such limitations as will preserve the rights of all."

What would be the effect of good concerts, illustrated lectures, classes, reading-rooms, gymnasiums, open on Sunday, as well as Sunday-school and church service, under the authority of the churches? The church's attitude toward the social life made the social settlements necessary. These have come to stay, the right hand of the people and of the church in social education among the poor.

The church is pharisaical in its attitude as to the social life of the tenement-house people. It needs a larger comprehension of the opportunities that surround it; it needs to see how the conditions have changed; it needs to discover that the methods of church work that are successful among the educated and well-to-do will not succeed where life is a struggle to provide a roof and food; where pleasure can only be bought at the expense of these, and where they are even then freighted with danger to the manners, if not the morals, of the family.

It is the opportunity to-day of the church in the tenement-house regions to become the social center of the people; to build up family life through social activities directed to that end. Will her lovers equip her to meet her opportunities until she so ministers to every family in the community?

The church is the one organized force in the community supported by love, tradition, and the belief of the people in its power. The most indifferent turn to her in the hour of sorrow; yet it may be said with truth that there is less knowledge applied by the church to the questions pressing in our great centers of life than is applied by any other organization. She pays the penalty; her young people go outside the church to give of themselves.

Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending January 27. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NEW EDITIONS

The Camberwell edition of *Browning's Complete Works* is, so far as we remember, the first publication of Browning in small, compact pocket volumes. These volumes are a little larger than the Temple Shakespeare, but they are not too large to be conveniently carried in a coat-pocket, and they are therefore of the most companionable and useful size. They are very well printed from clear, attractive type; the text is complete; and the edition contains a number of poems not usually found in the standard editions; two pieces of prose are added, and a series of introductions and notes. The edition is edited by Miss Charlotte Porter and Miss Helen A. Clarke, the editors of "Poet-Lore," who are among the most intelligent and devoted students of Browning in this country. They have had the rare opportunity of preparing the first complete and fully annotated edition of a great poet; and they have done their work with conspicuous skill and discretion. The edition gives an unusual impression of completeness. It presents the text as the text ought to be presented—in a portable form, and with all the apparatus of introductions, comments, interpretations, and notes which are essential to an intelligent enjoyment of the poet's work. The editors have evidently made a thorough search through-

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out the entire Browning literature, which is very voluminous and not always discreet or valuable. They have gleaned the field with an immense advantage to the reader of this edition, for they have brought in his way all the biographical items, the references to contemporary reviews, the comments and explanations which have been suggested by the entire company of the students of Browning. The twelve volumes may be said, therefore, to fairly represent and include all the knowledge of Browning which has been arrived at after two decades of enthusiastic study. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, $9.)

The biographical edition of Thackeray's complete works reaches the tenth volume, which contains *The Virginians*, with Mrs. Ritchie's invaluable introduction, giving an account of the circumstances which led to the writing of the story, and containing also a number of Thackeray's own illustrations. The introduction is rich in the true Thackeray quality. It contains a number of very characteristic letters from this country. The novel begins with the phrase: "On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two crossed swords," etc. This phrase brought the following note from Prescott:

Boston, November 30, 1857.

My Dear Thackeray: I was much pleased on seeing that you opened your new novel with a compliment to my two swords of Bunker's Hill memory and their unworthy proprietor. It was very prettily done, and I take it very kind of you. I could not have wished anything better, nor certainly have preferred any other pen to write it, among all the golden pens of history and romance.

About the atmosphere of America Thackeray has this to say:

In both visits to America I have found the effects of the air the same. I have a difficulty in forming the letters as I write them down on the page, in answering questions, in finding the most simple words to form the answers. A gentleman asked me how long I had been in New York; I hesitated, and then said a week; I had arrived the day before. . . . I hardly know what is said, am thinking of something else, nothing definite, with an irrepressible longing to be in motion. I sleep three hours less than in England, making up, however, with a heavy, long sleep every fourth night or so. Talking yesterday with a very clever man, T. Appleton, of Boston, he says the effect upon him on his return from Europe is the same. There is some electric influence in air and sun here which we don't experience on our side of the globe; people can't sit still, people can't ruminate over their dinners, dawdle in their studies; they must keep moving. I want to dash into the street now. At home after breakfast I want to read my paper leisurely, and then get to my books and work. Yesterday, as some rain began to fall, I felt a leaden cap taken off my brain-pan, and began to speak calmly and reasonably, and not to wish to quit my place.

HISTORY

Professor J. A. Woodburn, of the Indiana University, in *The American Revolution*, has arranged those parts of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" that relate to the English colonies in this country, and the causes and progress of the American Revolution. One chapter of Mr. Lecky's work, that entitled "America, 1763–66," is presented without reduction or condensation, and furnishes one of the most authoritative and interesting accounts of the differences between the colonies and the mother country which have yet come from an English source. To this chapter the editor has added extracts from other chapters of Mr. Lecky's work, so as to constitute a fairly complete account of the struggle, from the point of view of an eminent English historian. The value of the book is increased by a classified bibliography and historical notes. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire, by Samuel Dill, M.A., Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Belfast, is an instructive study of the life and thought of a most interesting historical period—A.D. 375–475. Such a study shows that the fall of Rome was due less to invading barbarians than to internal weakness produced by social disorganization and decay. Highly centralized and bureaucratic government had paralyzed the free civic life of former times, and doomed to political impotence the natural governing class, the great landholders. These, moreover, contrived to shift the burden of taxation upon the smaller landholders, to be discharged in steadily appreciating gold. An oppressively unjust financial system gave rise to boundless corruption and extortion, plundering both the treasury and the taxpayer, and finally ruining the middle class. On one hand, the venality of the financial administration, together with the greed of the landed aris-

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tocracy, and on the other hand the decay of public spirit, absorption in private interests, and an education exclusively literary, rotted the heart of the Roman oak till it fell. Professor Dill's work is not limited to this point of central interest in that tragic period. He sketches the final struggle of paganism with the Christian empire, and the sources of its vitality; the social life of the West as reflected in contemporary writers, and its morals as criticised by both pagan and Christian censors; the general character of the barbarian invasions, the Romans' views of them and relations with the invaders; and in conclusion describes the culture of conventionality and tradition characteristic of the dying empire, in which intellectual effeteness synchronized with political. As a picture of human life in that collapse of a magnificent world, Professor Dill's work is full of pathetic interest. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

One of the most remarkably influential books of the Middle Ages is Egidio Colonna's work on the Education of Princes, "De Regimine Principum." Composed about 1280 for Philip, son of Philip III. of France, the book was translated into French shortly after the accession of this prince to the throne. Colonna was a scion of the noble house of the name, and a pupil of Thomas Aquinas. He came to the University of Paris to complete his studies. From the university Colonna received his doctorate, and later was appointed Archbishop of Bourges. By profession Egidio Colonna was an Augustinian monk, as was Dr. Luther. In brief, the work tells princes and kings how to govern their families and themselves. The manuscript from which this particular edition is printed is of a date not absolutely determined, and belongs to a gentleman of this city. The title gives particulars, and runs as follows: *LI. Livres du Gouvernement des Rois: A XIIIth Century French Version of Egidio Colonna's Treatise De Regimine Principum. Now first published from the Kerr MS., together with Introduction and Notes and full-page Facsimile, by Samuel Paul Molenaer, A.M., Ph.D.* (Published for the Columbia University Press by the Macmillan Company, New York.) The treatise gains in interest when its influence upon statecraft is remembered, and when it is compared with the "Tresor" of Brunetto Latini, "The Prince" of Machiavelli, and Dante's book "On Monarchy." Dr. Molenaer has in a brief introduction given the principal points in Colonna's career, some account of the versions of the famous book, and brief linguistic examination of this particular version. It is enough to say that his scholarship is adequate to his task, and that readers of old French are delighted at the publication of the book.

The third and final volume of Ratzel's *History of Mankind*, which has just been published in translation by the Macmillan Company, fully sustains the value and interest of the earlier volumes. It covers the anthropology of the cultured races of the Old World, and is copiously illustrated. The topic is fascinating, and loses little in the compendious treatment of Professor Ratzel. As to details it is impossible at present to criticise or to describe. Later we hope to give space to a more extended review of the contents of this volume.

The third volume of William L. Clowes's important work on *The Royal Navy* has just been published. Mr. Clowes has been assisted in the work of preparing the volume by Captain Mahan and Governor Roosevelt, of this country, and by several English experts in naval history. The entire work covers the history of the navy of Great Britain from the earliest time; and this particular volume includes that portion of the history between the years 1714–1793—a period, it need hardly be said, of only less importance than that which immediately preceded it. We hope to examine the book at some length at a later date. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

The Imperial Republic, by James C. Fernald, is an argument in favor of the retention of the Spanish islands, and their government along the lines of "protection and development" as against those of "spoliation." The author advocates military government for the time being, but believes that in the end the United States may do as much for Porto Rico and the Philippines as it has done for Florida, Texas, and California. (Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.)

American Indians, by Frederick Starr, is the second of a series of three Ethno-Geographic Readers. Intended for school-children, it will prove attractive to older minds, for it gives in concise and vivid

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form, with illustrations and maps, a wide variety of information concerning the "native Americans." Many peculiar customs and strange religious and tribal observances of peoples now almost extinct are brightly set forth. (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.)

The Story of the Thirteen Colonies, by H. A. Guerber, is a historical Reader that sketches rapidly and clearly the course of events from the earliest voyages of discovery (including the Northmen) to Washington's Farewell. It is copiously illustrated, has four maps and a good index. (American Book Company, New York.)

NOVELS AND TALES

Miss Elizabeth Robbins, who has made such an impression in her interpretation of some of the Ibsen dramas, has confessed the authorship of *The Open Question*, a novel which has awakened a great deal of interest in England, and which reappears in this country under the imprint of Harper & Brothers. Miss Robbins regrets that her incognita has not been preserved, because, she says, people will now trace the influence of Ibsen upon her stories, and will treat her as a problem-novelist. It is quite impossible to treat "The Open Question" from any other point of view; it is a typical end-of-the-century problem-novel. Its power is unquestionable; it is impossible to ignore it or to deny it. Both in conception and execution the story is one of remarkable insight and experience, with enough material in it to furnish half a dozen novels of the ordinary type. It has many qualities which go to the making of a strong story. There is a distinct evolution of story, although the plot is of the slightest; the interest centers in the development of the characters, and their action upon one another; there is a series of climaxes; and the whole story is pervaded by a dramatic element of the most pronounced kind. It is frank beyond most novels of its quality. It is distinctly not a story for young readers; and it is a story which many older readers will do well to leave alone. One cannot find fault with the veracity of a great deal of the story; one must find fault with the principle of selection. The story is saturated in the most intense gloom, although it is full of vivacity and movement. There is an overhanging tragedy, remorselessly worked out, but which is, unfortunately, neither intelligently comprehended nor wisely met. There is but one courageous and normal character in the story. Mrs. Gano is a very striking creation: a Southern woman of the old type; rigid; in a way, limited; with a touch of hardness; and yet with a noble rectitude, a splendid courage, and an underlying tenderness, all the more effective and beautiful because so carefully guarded. Mrs. Gano is the embodiment of health and faith; the other people about her are merely victims of fate, swept hither and thither: futility is written over the whole story. It is morbid and unwholesome; and because of its practical exclusion of healthy life is essentially untrue as a representation of life, however true it may be of a few individual careers. The solution of the problem is an evasion, besides being repulsively immoral. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The happy, irresponsible summer day that lived ever after in the hearts of a boy and a girl is the beginning of the love story in *The Archdeacon*, by L. B. Walford. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) The boy had never met girls, and this vision of girlish loveliness was a glimpse of heaven to him, shy and reserved but throbbing with high aspirations. What a delightful confidante she made! To the worldly little maid, just in her first season under the wings of an ambitious mother, what a revelation was this earnest, thinking boy with a world to conquer! That was the beginning. Years after, when the girl was a rich widow and the boy a popular leading light in the church, an archdeacon smiled on by royalty, they met; but the archdeacon had forgotten, not the day, but the girl. When he remembered, he made a discovery that the woman made when she looked in his eyes. He had conquered the world, but the world had conquered the boy, and the man was not the boy grown up, but another. And when the archdeacon asked the woman to marry him, she made him understand that she could not love the archdeacon, but that she had always loved the boy. The woman conquers the world in the archdeacon, and the boy and his ideals regain their old place. The archdeacon separates himself from the world, becomes a man greater than his office, through the ministry of his love

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for a true, noble woman who had learned the deepest things in life through sorrow and suffering, and who shows him how far he had wandered from his Master and his teachings.

A delightful series of plantation sketches and jingles has been prepared by Martha S. Gielow. (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.) They are arranged as drawing-room monologues, the author having had great success in presenting them to the public in that form. The monologues, *Mammy's Reminiscences and Other Sketches*, are arranged from incidents related to the author by her own black mammy, to whom the book is dedicated.

God's Prisoner, by John Oxenham (Henry Holt & Co., New York), is a too exciting story of crime and adventure. Lovers of sensational literature will find this a fairly satisfactory story, so far as plot and originality are concerned. It is written in a better style than many books of its class; but some of the incidents are so gruesome and repellent that they make unpleasant reading, even for those who are not particularly squeamish as to horrors in fiction.

ESSAYS AND ART

The most thorough presentation of the Romantic movement in English literature during the eighteenth century yet made by an American scholar comes from the hand of Professor Henry A. Beers in his substantial volnme *A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century*. The discussion follows closely the lines of romantic development, but it is broad in spirit, and comprehensive in connoting sympathetic movements and what may be called predictive movements in earlier poetry. After a very interesting discussion of the word romanticism and its various meanings, and of the kind and quality of literature associated with the word, Professor Beers describes and characterizes the group of men in the early part of the last century whom he is justified by usage in calling "The Augustans." From these he follows the thread of literary movements through James Thomson, Wilkie, Gilbert West, Croxall, John Hughes, and other writers who confessed or betrayed the influence of Spenser, and whom he calls "The Spenserians," with an interesting introductory account of the vicissitudes of the Spenserian tradition down to the middle of the eighteenth century. Thomson is treated more fully in connection with Shenstone and Akenside and Dyer in the chapter on "The Landscape Poets." The men who betray the influence of Milton—Collins and Gray—are discussed. "The Gothic Revival," which found exponents in the extravagant fiction of Walpole and in Anne Radcliffe, is interestingly described. "Percy and the Ballads," "Ossian," and "Chatterton" conclude the discussion of English poetry. A final chapter on "The German Tributary" races in large outline the Romantic movement across the German Ocean. Professor Beers's work shows thorough familiarity with his subject, discriminating taste, the conscience of the scholar, and the insight of the lover of literature. His book must be regarded as one of the most important contributions yet made to literary history by an American scholar. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

Our sense of the great loss which our country suffered in the premature death of General Francis A. Walker, late President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been revived by the publication of a volume of his addresses and papers on educational subjects, entitled *Discussions in Education*. In this collection, says the editor, Mr. James Phinney Munroe, nothing of permanent value that President Walker said upon the subject has failed to be included. These Discussions include Technological and General Education, the Teaching of Arithmetic, and College Problems of various kinds, with the advantage, for one in quest of special information, of being well indexed. Space fails us here to transcribe some passages we had marked as maxims for the times. So long as the reforms and improvements in our educational methods which General Walker advocated, not without some success, are but partially accomplished, will this volume of expert testimony deserve to be close at hand to those with whom is the responsibility of direction. In particular, too much cannot be said of the importance of heeding his strictures upon the abuse of the study of arithmetic, and his plea for manual training in childhood as supplying that corrective for mental defects which orthopedic surgery supplies to weak joints and

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crooked limbs. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

A valuable text-book on art has just been issued by Ginn & Co. (Boston). The writer is Deristhe L. Hoyt, lecturer on the History of Painting in the Massachusetts Normal Art School, Boston. *The World's Painters and their Pictures* is a successful effort to compile a book on art that will introduce into the schools the names of the world's greatest painters, with the leading facts of their lives, their place in the world of art, the schools to which they belonged, and the characteristics of their styles and their resemblances to and their differences from their contemporaries. The value of the book to accomplish its purpose is greatly enhanced by photographic reproductions of the leading pictures produced in the different schools and countries. Those presented as the leading artists are Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, English, and American.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

A collection of one thousand extracts from leading orthodox writers have been used to illuminate one thousand texts from the Bible by D. L. Moody, entitled *One Thousand and One Thoughts from My Library*. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.) The extracts are suggestive and inspiring. The same company publish an allegory, by Charles M. Sheldon, entitled *One of the Two*. It is the open struggle of Bad Influence and Good Influence, each sent by the kings of heaven and hell to gain possession of a new-born soul.

The Young Men of Yesterday is an address delivered by the late Judge Asa W. Tenney, with an introduction by the Rev. David Gregg, D.D. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.) It is the bringing together of biographical paragraphs about the men who, as young men, stand in war, the arts, the sciences, for the world's progress and achievement. The address is marked by a wide knowledge and appreciation of that philosophy which Carlyle epitomized: "The world's history is the biography of great men."

Mr. Jeremiah Curtin has made a very interesting collection of *Creation Myths of Primitive America, in Relation to the Religious History and Mental Development of Mankind*, a title which admirably describes the scope of the book and its principle of selection, as well as its object. These Creation Myths, Mr. Curtin tells us, form a complete system, furnish a detailed account of the origin of the world and of all which it contains, and reveal, incidentally, a moral order or rule of conduct for primitive life on the continent. This earlier world passed through a harmonious period, followed by one of sharp conflict. In the thought of primitive Americans man stood alone, and belonged entirely to this continent. The ontology brought out by this collection of myths is very interesting, and forms a very important chapter in the history of primitive religious belief and of the evolution of thought. The volume contains twenty-two myths; is furnished with notes, with a table of names of places, and with an extremely interesting and illuminating introduction. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Those who have an interest in the conflict now agitating the Church of England will be attracted to a little volume of sermons given last summer, when feeling ran high, by Professor Sanday, of Oxford, the well-known Biblical scholar, entitled *The Conception of Priesthood in the Early Church and in the Church of England*. Professor Sanday insists, and goes far to show, that his fellow-churchmen are divided upon words more than upon things; and in his irenic spirit he is a model for men of all churches. He protests both against the refusal of some Anglicans to recognize the non-Episcopal Reformed Churches, and against the injustice of judging the Church of Rome by her worst rather than by her best. He insists on distinguishing "between the popular distortions of doctrine and practice, and the same doctrine and practice under a more enlightened interpretation." Our criticism upon his presentation of his main theme is that, while recognizing in the Christian ministry "the character of a priesthood and of a sacrificing priesthood," in which the moral element is of vital value, the universality of this priestly character, as pertaining to all who share the spirit of Christ, is left out of view. No teaching of the New Testament has been more forgotten or more needs revival than this. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

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The tenth volume of the Theological Translation Library, edited by Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Bruce, and the fifth volume of Harnack's History of Dogma, comprise the first of three volumes which will reproduce in English the third volume in German of Dr. Adolph Harnack's great work on the *History of Dogma*. This volume deals with the service of Augustine as a reformer and a theological teacher, and with the influence he exercised down to the period of the Carlovingian Renaissance. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

A peculiar interest attaches to *The Spiritual Letters of Edward Bouverie Pusey*, upon whose head a saintly halo seems to rest, now that the storm of reproach excited by the Tractarian movement has mostly passed away. Never was a man who more exemplified the line, "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath." In these letters—a very small selection from an immense number written to people who sought his counsel in affliction, in doubt, and in controversy—there is an unveiling of a most gentle and loving spirit of humanity and piety blended with an ecclesiastical rigorism unflinchingly maintained for conscience' sake. It is curious to note how the same man who held it "almost certain that God does a great deal for the soul in the hour of death," and counted it likely that the day of judgment will "produce very great effects on the soul in removing the dross which clung to it in this life," could believe that unbaptized children, not having been made members of Christ in the Sacrament, "although happy in their way, would lose the vision of God" hereafter, and with them all heathen children. Likewise did Dr. Pusey, though never questioning any histories in the Old Testament, call it "a great evil" that any of the English aristocracy "should attend the Presbyterian communion in Scotland"—though Presbyterianism and not Episcopacy is the State religion there. But these intellectual limitations are lost sight of in the moral strength and beauty of Pusey's character. However strongly dissenting from his doctrinal views, any Christian reader of these "Letters" will often be reminded that religion closely unites those whom theology sharply divides. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

A revised edition of Mr. Edmond Kelly's *Evolution and Effort, and Their Relation to Religion and Politics*, gives us a welcome opportunity to commend it as a book for the times, deserving thoughtful consideration by every man who cares what sort of a country his children are to live in. Some by-products of Mr. Kelly's thoughts are open to serious question, as his idea that "Christ was an ascetic," and that "in theology and ethics the dominant problem is that of pain." Nor can Mr. Herbert Spencer be fairly regarded as holding that the evolution of humanity is to be achieved without effort. But the author's discrimination of politics from the partisanship with which it is usually confounded, and his contention that only by the religious spirit can the commonwealth be lifted out of the mire, cannot be too seriously laid to heart. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Books Received

For the week ending February 3

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

Barry, William, D.D. The Two Standards. $1.50.
Sigsbee, Captain Charles D. The Maine. $1.50.
Collingwood, Stuart Dodgson. The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. L. Dodgson). Illustrated. $2.50.
Kennan, George. Campaigning in Cuba. $1.50.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

Porter, Rose. A Daughter of Israel. 75 cts.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Fassett, James H. Colonial Life in New Hampshire. 70 cts.

THE HELMAN-TAYLOR CO., CLEVELAND

Neff, Elizabeth Clifford. An Anglican Study in Christian Symbolism. $1.25.

LENTILHON & CO., NEW YORK

Henderson, C. R., D.D. Social Settlements. 50 cts.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Devine, Edward Thomas. Economics. $1.
Campbell, Douglas Houghton. The Evolution of Plants. $1.25.
Gates, Lewis E. Three Studies in Literature. $1.50.
Craddock, Charles Egbert. The Story of Old Fort Loudon. $1.50.
Modern Reader's Bible. Bible Stories (Old Testament). Edited by Richard G. Moulton. 50 cts.
McLellan, J. A., and A. F. Ames. The Public School Mental Arithmetic. 25 cts.
Pope's Iliad of Homer. Edited by Albert H. Smyth. 25 cts.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, NEW YORK

Martyn, Carlos. Sour Saints and Sweet Sinners. $1.

THE PRESTON & ROUNDS CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Isham, Norman Morrison. The Homeric Palace. $1.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Brain, Belle M. The Transformation of Hawaii. $1.
Harwood, Anne. An English View of Christian Science. 35 cts.
The Autobiography of Charles H. Spurgeon. Edited by his Wife and his Private Secretary. Vol. II., 1854–1860. $2.50.
Meyer, F. B. Love to the Uttermost. $1.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., BOSTON

Hovey, Richard. Along the Trail. $1.50.
Greene, Henry Copley. Plains and Uplands of Old France. $1.50.
Carpenter, Edmund Janes. America in Hawaii. $1.50.
Cooke, George Willis. John Sullivan Dwight. $2.

THE TERRY ENGRAVING CO., COLUMBUS, O.

Mills, Harriette M., and Elsie A. Merriman. Nature Songs and Stories. $2.

THE VIR PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA

Wood-Allen, Mary, M.D. What a Young Woman Ought to Know. $1.

THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN CO., MILWAUKEE

McLaren, Rt. Rev. William E. The Holy Priest. $1.

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The Religious World

The Death of Dr. Charles A. Berry

It seems but a few days since the present writer parted from Dr. Berry on the deck of the Germanic, as he was sailing from New York on his return from his last visit to this country. Then he was full of his characteristic enthusiasm and apparent vigor; but even then disease of the heart already threatened him. Soon after his return to England he became seriously ill. After long waiting, he sufficiently regained his health to undertake a part of his duties, and had preached in his own pulpit two or three times before his sudden death. The first sermon has already been reported in this country. The cable only informs us that he fell dead while conducting a funeral service in a chapel at Bilston, Staffordshire. Dr. Berry was probably the most prominent Nonconformist leader since the death of Dr. Dale. He had been President of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and was the first President of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches; which means that when all the evangelical denominations of England united for their common work, they first turned to Dr. Berry as their natural leader. He had been pastor of the Queen Street Congregational Church of Wolverhampton since 1883. He was born at Leigh, Lancashire, December 14, 1852. He was pastor of St. George's Road Church, Bolton, from 1874 to 1883. In 1892 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Iowa College, and in 1895 the same degree was conferred by the University of St. Andrews. In 1887 he was called to succeed Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, but declined the call. He had traveled extensively, having been in this country in 1880, 1887, 1891, 1897. During his last visit, which was in response to an invitation from Plymouth Church to unite in the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary, he spoke in Brooklyn, New York, Montclair, N. J., Boston, Washington, and Chicago. Dr. Berry was ardently interested in the promotion of Anglo-American friendship, and of a treaty providing for a Court of International Arbitration. His death was caused by disease of the heart, from which he had long suffered. He was a natural orator, a man of affairs, a leader by birth. Several times he had been urged by Mr. Gladstone to enter Parliament. He is the author of a few books, but they have not been widely read. His was the power of a great and noble personality rather than of an essayist or a maker of sermons. Like Dr. Dale, he led by instinct. He was not so much a man of the study as one who was fitted for a great public career. He fell by the way, before he had reached the fiftieth milestone, but few in any walk of life were more widely honored, more tenderly loved, or had lived to perform a greater or more beneficent service to their fellow-men.

The Bishop of North Dakota

The Rev. Samuel Cook Edsall, D.D., was consecrated as Bishop of North Dakota, at St. Peter's Church, Chicago, on Wednesday, January 25. The new Bishop of this important missionary diocese, by a remarkable ministry, has proved himself fitted for the task which he has now undertaken. On the occasion of his consecration the sermon was delivered by Bishop White, of Indiana, and the presiding consecrator was Bishop McLaren, of Chicago. Bishop Edsall has built up a very strong church in Chicago. He had been spoken of for Bishop several times before. It was supposed by many that he would be elected by the diocese of Iowa. A new State like North Dakota offers illimitable opportunities of service of the kind for which Dr. Edsall has both the strength and the ability, and his friends are confident that he will more than meet the expectations of those who have chosen him to this important field.

Successor to Dr. McVickar

It was no easy task to find a worthy successor for the Rev. W. N. McVickar, D.D., in Holy Trinity, Philadelphia. Dr. McVickar succeeded Phillips Brooks in that church, and left it to accept the Bishopric of Rhode Island. The church gave its rector to the little New England State, and in turn has gone to the chief city of

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that State for his successor, in the person of the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, D.D. Dr. Tomkins is a native of New York, a graduate of Harvard and of the General Theological Seminary. He spent seven years in missionary work in the West. Since then he has held the pastorates of St. James's Church, Keene, New Hampshire; Calvary Chapel, in New York; Christ Church, Hartford; and St. James's Church, Chicago. He is now the rector of Grace Church, Providence, R. I. Dr. Tomkins, we believe, is decidedly evangelical, and even evangelistic, in his views and methods of work. He is a generous, broad-minded man, sympathetic with all that is really progressive in religious thought and work.

Another Chicago Divine May Come to New York

It seems probable that another eminent preacher of Chicago may soon become a resident of New York. If so, he will be the third to make the change within three months. The first was the Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., who has come to the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York; the second, the Rev. N. D. Hillis, D.D., who has accepted a call to Plymouth Church; and now it is positively reported that Rabbi Hirsch has been called to succeed Rabbi Gottheil in the Temple Emanu-El in Fifth Avenue. Dr. Gottheil, it is said, will remain as Rabbi Emeritus. He is now seventy-two years of age, and desires to be relieved of the burden of his large parish. He has held his position with distinguished honor for twenty-five years. This is probably the wealthiest and most influential Jewish congregation in the United States. Few ministers in New York are more deservedly honored by all classes than the good and genial rabbi, who has so long occupied this place of influence and service. He was born in Prussia in 1827. For five years he was located in Germany; then he went to Manchester, England, and there remained thirteen years. In 1873 he came to New York as assistant in the Temple Emanu-El. Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, who will probably succeed Dr. Gottheil, is minister of the Sinai Congregation in Chicago, Professor of Rabbinical Literature and Philosophy in the University of Chicago, editor of the "Reform Advocate," and one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Liberal Congress. He was educated in this country and then in Germany. He has been minister in Baltimore, in Louisville, Ky., and in Chicago. His is one of the few Jewish congregations which hold their services on Sunday. In 1896 his name headed the list of Presidential Electors on the Republican ticket in Illinois. Rabbi Hirsch has the reputation of being a public-spirited, earnest, liberal, and very able man. His answer to the New York call has not been given at the time of our writing.

Charles S. Robinson

The Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D., who died at his home in New York on February 1, was a man who, in the course of a long and eventful life, had filled many places of responsibility, and done many good things for which he will long be remembered. He was born in Bennington, Vt., in 1829. He graduated at Williams College and Union Theological Seminary. His pastorates were all but one in the Presbyterian Church. He had been pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church in Troy, N. Y., of the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., and of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City. He was also pastor of the American Union Church in Paris, where his ministry was singularly successful. The Madison Avenue Presbyterian church was erected during his pastorate, and it is probable that it could not have been built without his financial aid, which, we have been informed, was far larger than the amount given by any other person. But Dr. Robinson's chief service to the churches was in the series of hymn-books which were edited by him. While there are now other equally excellent hymn-books, there can be little doubt that the "Songs for the Church," "Songs for the Sanctuary," "Laudes Domini," and "The New Laudes Domini" have done more than any other series of hymn-books to develop the better hymnology which now prevails in the American churches. Dr. Robinson was a voluminous author of sermons and devotional books. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Hamilton College, and LL.D. from Lafayette College. During the last few years he has served various churches nearly, if not quite, without salary. He

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was a tireless worker, and a man whose name and influence will not soon be forgotten.

Another Phillips Brooks Memorial

The late Phillips Brooks has many memorials in Boston. The most imposing is the magnificent church of which he was so long the rector, but the most beautiful is the love with which he is still regarded by thousands of people who have been benefited by his ministry. Another memorial in the shape of a Workingman's Club has just been opened in South Boston. It is under the auspices of the Church of the Redeemer (Episcopal), of which the Rev. A. B. Shields is the rector. This club is in a district where it will help a wide and very needy population. It has hospitality for all classes. Every evening and on Sunday afternoons it will be open for men. Large liberty will be allowed, and, according to the report in the Boston papers, even on Sunday afternoons the playing of games will be permitted. At the opening services addresses were delivered by various prominent Bostonians, and by one obscure plasterer, but the latter seems to have won the laurels for the best address. Bishop Brooks was always the poor man's friend. Although he preached in the most splendid church in New England, and represented its social and intellectual aristocracy, he was in his sympathy essentially democratic. This the people realize, and therefore this club appropriately bears his name, and adds one more to the many memorials of him in the city in which he so long and so faithfully ministered.

Bishop Doane's Thirtieth Anniversary

The thirtieth anniversary of the consecration of the Rev. William C. Doane, D.D., as Bishop of Albany, was celebrated in the Cathedral at Albany, with appropriate services, ending February 2. Bishop Doane is one of the most conspicuous figures in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, and he has served his Church with unquestionable zeal and ability. A large number of the clergy of his own diocese, as well as throngs of his people, were present at the services. The Bishop has been a builder of institutions. In 1870 he founded St. Agnes's School for Girls, in 1877 the Childs Hospital, in 1884 St. Margaret's House. He also founded St. Christina's Home at Saratoga, and he has had much to do with starting and helping other similar organizations. But he probably regards the erection of All Saints' Cathedral in Albany as his chief work. This has been completed and paid for under his administration. His character and achievements as a bishop were set forth by the Rev. Dr. Enos, of St. Paul's Church in Troy, in a sermon delivered at the celebration of the anniversary. Dr. Enos spoke as follows:

If I were asked to indicate the distinguishing characteristic of Bishop Doane's episcopacy, I should answer, the building up of a real diocesan episcopacy—restoration on the lines of the ancient Church. The diocese is the unit, not only sentimentally, but in law and fact. There is only one church hereabout—the Church of Albany, with its Bishop. Over against this idea is the popular belief that the parish is the unit. Thirty years ago the church was episcopal in name and law only; in spirit it was parochial. There was no earthly thing for a Bishop to do. Once a year he was pushed about the diocese that he might bless children. The parishes remained Protestant, and did not become Episcopal again until another revolution of the sun; the Bishops were at fault. They were tangled in parochialism. In 1869 in Albany there began to grow up a real diocesan episcopacy, one of the first and most conspicuously successful. Scanning the thirty years, we see a Bishop at the service of all the clergy, with this grand edifice, a school, an organized Sisterhood, a hospital, an orphanage, and an industrial school. When Bishop Doane rejoices, we rejoice; when he grieves, we grieve; and we are of one heart and one soul.

Dr. Henry van Dyke to Remain

At the urgent plea of the Brick Presbyterian Church, Dr. van Dyke has reconsidered his first decision as to accepting the Professorship of English Literature at the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, and will remain as pastor of the church. At a meeting of the church held after the morning service last Sunday a letter was read from Dr. van Dyke, in which he said: "The question that comes to me now is simply a question of transferring the heavy administrative work of a pastor of a large city church into other and more competent hands, and devoting myself to a life in which there shall be more liberty and time to think and write. After earnest consideration and seeking light from above, I think that this is the line along which I can do my best and most lasting service to my fellow-men."

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Thereupon was read a minute adopted by the session, declining to sever the relations of the pastor and church without further consideration, and pledging the session to relieve Dr. van Dyke of any unnecessary burden or pressure. Similar resolutions were adopted by the congregation, and at the afternoon service a letter was read by the pastor announcing his determination to remain with the church.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. Do you think the writer of Ecclesiastes xii., 7, had in mind a heaven, or did he merely think that the soul was to be absorbed in the divine nature and lose its individuality? 2. In the days of St. Paul how many of the books which are now in the Old Testament and Apocrypha were considered as Scripture? 3. Were the four Gospels, or any one of them, in existence when Paul died? 4. Please give your exegesis of Exodus vii., 3. Do you think, taking this passage literally, it is compatible with a God of justice and love? Might not this passage be merely the view of the writer? 5. Was the event of which Jesus speaks in Matthew xxv., 46, fulfilled in that generation? 6. Please give the Greek of the original and definitions of the words *everlasting* and *punishment*. 7. Do you believe in the doctrine of eternal punishment, or that it is taught in the Bible?

HONEST INQUIRER.

1. So far as we can judge, his position was agnostic. 2. By the Hebrew-speaking Jews, all of our Old Testament books; none of the Apocrypha. The Hellenistic Jews and many in the Christian Church recognized the Apocrypha. 3. Probably not, but probably soon after; that is, before the end of the century. 4. The preceding context represents a divine injunction upon Moses to make a demand, which he regarded it highly improbable that Pharaoh would grant. Also, that Moses was not to be discouraged by a stiff refusal, but to regard it as part of the divinely ordered course of events, and to expect ultimate success. Your difficulty is with the Hebrew mode of statement, which does not take account of Pharaoh's free will in the matter. 5. Yes, and likewise in every generation. The divine judgment, which the context pictures, is not an event happening once for all, but a continuous process, always going on. 6. *Kolasin aiônion* (κόλασιν αἰώνιον), literally "eternal chastisement." 7. Yes; but we do not regard "eternal" as here meaning *endless*, for which there was another Greek word or words. Eternal punishment means an experience taking place in eternity, rather than lasting through eternity.

In your reply to "A. C. P.," January 21, you say: "'Bath-Col,' literally 'daughter of the voice,' a singer, here meaning Hebrew singers as a class." This is a correct translation of the Hebrew words, but fails to recognize their technical meaning. In the Rabbinic books the Bath-Col is frequently referred to as a divine oracle. Many of these references are given in Edersheim's "Life of Christ," Vol. I., pp. 285, 286. Whittier's reference in the passage to which "A. C. P." referred is plainly to the Bath-Col of the Rabbis, which gave responses in much the same way as they were given at Delphi and Dodona—places coupled with the Bath-Col in Whittier's verse. A reference to "Hebrew singers as a class" would be purely irrelevant to what the poet was saying.

H. M. B.

A note from "W. G. H." makes the same point, with a citation from Oehler's "Old Testament Theology," § 58. Correct, except as to the irrelevancy of our answer. The ancient singer or bard (Latin *vates*) was regarded as possessing the gift of prophecy (compare 2 Samuel xxiii., 1, with Acts ii., 30, 31, for the identification of psalmist and prophet), and oracles were regularly given in poetic form.

1. Kindly give your interpretation of 1 John i., 7, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," and Revelation vii., 14, "These . . . have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." 2. What is the significance of the offering of sacrifices and the idea of sacrifice running all through the Bible? H.

1. The physical element blood is only the symbol of a spiritual element related to the spiritual fact of sin. The clue to the symbolism is in the fact that the blood represented the vital principle (Leviticus xvii., 11). The phrases you quote mean, there-

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fore, that vital element of spiritual life, the sacrificial spirit of love, whose emblem is the life-blood of Jesus, is the purge of selfishness and sin. 2. The primitive idea in sacrifice was to express a covenant of life between the worshiper and his God (see Psalm 50: 5), a restoration of moral union and fellowship between them. For a concise discussion of the subject see "The Divine Satisfaction" (T. Whittaker, New York, 40 cents).

Kindly tell me your opinion as to the existence of a devil. Jesus spoke often as if there were such a being, and I find it hard to understand how the good God can allow sin and suffering to continue for so long in the world, unless there is some power of evil working against him. M. E. S.

To explain the problem of the moral evil in the world cannot be done in a paragraph. The line of thought which leads out of mental confusion on the subject is this: The moral world is still in making, not yet made or completed. Its incompleteness or imperfection is the occasion of what we know as moral disorder or evil. We find this embodying itself in this world in persons who, passing to the next world, would there be evil spirits, among whom there would naturally be grades of wickedness, down to the worst. To believe that there is a personal devil or devils is certainly not irrational, but, though a Biblical doctrine, it does not seem to us of great importance, nor does it account for the existence of sin.

I wish you to tell me of the best authority (German preferred) against Büchner and his ideas, and to tell me conclusively, if you can, whether or not Darwin believed in a personal God. R. H. C.

1. In John Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy," Volume II., page 435, occurs the following passage: "Büchner, a writer who deserves praise for his power of lucid exposition, but . . . has no scientific reputation whatever." This is followed by a critique on his school from the standpoint of a Spencerian. 2. Darwin wrote thus: "I have never in my most extreme fluctuations been inclined to atheism, or the denial of the existence of God." See this and other quotations from Darwin in President Schurman's valuable little book, "Belief in God." (Scribners, New York.)

In speaking of Dr. Newman Hall's Autobiography, you say (January 14): "Theologically, he is classed with those evangelists who regard the Atonement as the central fact of Christianity; but in some points, notably in the doctrine of the future state, he inclines to liberal views." What, then, *is* the central fact in Christianity? It seems to us that many eminent religious leaders, who might well be classed among the "liberals," still "regard the Atonement as the central fact in Christianity." S. S.

The central fact in Christianity is unquestionably represented by the Gospel as the Incarnation, the indwelling of God in humanity (see John i., 14, 18). In describing his mission Jesus specifies now one aspect of it, now another (see John ix., 39; Luke xii., 51; Mark x., 45; Matthew v., 17; x., 34, 35). These are all comprehended in the central fact of the revelation through his life of the character and way of God, who abode in him and in whom he abode.

1. In reply to query 2 of "F. T. H." (January 21), may I call your attention to a far better and cheaper list than that named by you? It is "The Reader's Guide to English History," by William Francis Allen, published by Ginn & Co., Boston. 2. If the next query, that of "W. H. Y.," is with reference to one who has never studied Greek at all, is not President Harper and Dr. Weidner's "Introductory New Testament Greek Method" one of the best books, if not the best, to recommend? A. B. J.

2. The books we named are used in the Union Theological Seminary, New York.

Kindly give me the names of a few books on the Decalogue. I desire something that is attractive as well as instructive and practical. A.

See Schenck's "Ten Commandments in the Nineteenth Century" (Funk & Wagnalls, New York), and Boardman's "Ten Commandments" (Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia).

May I supplement the answer to the question signed "St." in your issue of January 21? Farrar's "Eternal Hope" (price $1) gives a thorough discussion of the subject of everlasting punishment; taking in succession, I believe, every text in the Bible supposed to refer to this matter. Any one occupied with New Testament study would probably be glad to know of Professor Huidekoper's book, "Indirect Testimony of History to the Genuineness of the Gospels" (D. G. Francis, New York). We hear so much negative criticism in regard to the genuineness of the New Testament books that it is interesting to see a really strong and scholarly argument on the other side, based on a thorough knowledge of early Christian history. L. F. C.

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The Home Club

The Other Side of the Question

The question of reform to-day means as much æsthetically as ethically. Perhaps the relation between the two will be more generally recognized some day. One of the most popular reform movements of our time is the Consumers' League; certainly no reform movement can point to more positive results. The question is forced into the minds of some people whether a protective league in the interest of the consumer will not become necessary. It is a question sometimes whether the employer should not be given equal benefit with the employee. The woman of to-day is no longer free to suit her own convenience in the matter of shopping, because she must consider the many people affected by her act of buying. It must be under a roof that shelters proper sanitary conditions; time and wage relations between the employer and employed must be known. Shopping must be done at a time that will insure the possibility of the clerk, entry clerk, cashier, shipping clerk, delivery clerk, and driver of the wagon and the horse that draws it, all having accomplished their day's work under the approved time-limit.

Every employer is dependent on the kind of service given by his employees when they are unwatched; and the Consumers' League, which exacts the same degree of service from the clerk behind the counter that is demanded from the employer in the interests of the clerk, is serving well its day and generation. Every woman who enters a store to transact business can testify to the loss of time, often the discourtesy, she must endure at the hands of the clerk in whose interests she has expended hours of time and money. She sees the delivery clerk litter the street in front of her home by throwing packing material from his wagon; she finds herself sadly inconvenienced because the clerk has been careless in taking her address, and a letter or a second journey to rectify this carelessness results. She bears it all, or tries a new store with the hope of better service, instead of making a complaint and using the same moral force to bring the employee up to a realizing sense of his or her moral responsibility to the employer that has been used to bring, coerce, or compel the employer to deal justly with the employee. A woman who has given her life to the service of wage-earning women recently said: "Blank and Blank, without doubt, do more for their clerks than any firm in New York, but I would rather deal anywhere in New York than in that store; the clerks, especially the girls, are so impudent, waste my time so." Was this fair to Blank and Blank, whose ability to do business depends on the ability of their salespeople to secure and hold custom? Reform, to be in truth reform, can never be successful if confined to a class, if conducted in the interest of a class. If we demand fair wages and conditions for the employee, let us demand honest, keen, polite service in the interest of the employer, and compel it by complaint when necessary.

One Result of Expansion

Every careful housekeeper is more or less distressed over the food that cannot be used in her own family. There are always small quantities of different foods that she finds it most difficult to use, and yet too good to be wasted. If near at hand there is a family that will send after this broken food, a family that will not be injured by the giving, then the problem is solved, otherwise not. The proposition has been made by the President of the Municipal Council of New York that the city gather and distribute the waste food; providing cans for the different kinds of foods collected by the city's carts, and delivering it at relief stations where it will be examined, and given away or sold, as seems wisest. This scheme is not new, except as it is proposed to have the city authorities do the work. It was proposed and carried out as part of the work of the Salvation Army under General Booth in England; but long before it was proposed by General Booth it had been a success in what is called the Hill section in Brooklyn.

A woman, impressed by the number of

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people who applied for food and assistance in her neighborhood, conceived the idea of starting a wood-yard in the yard of a vacant house near by. The men who asked for food were to be sent to this place, where, for cutting or sawing or bundling a given quantity of wood, they were to receive enough money to pay for a meal or a night's lodging. Every housekeeper on two squares was personally visited, interested in the scheme, and pledged to pay five or ten cents per week, to buy all the wood she used from the yard, and to secure other buyers for the product it produced, but always in the neighborhood, where a wheelbarrow could serve for delivery. She was also pledged not to give at the door. Those who wished could donate money for lodging-house tickets, which were given in exchange for work. In a short time it was found that skilled workmen applied for work at the wood-yard; this resulted in opening an information bureau. Housekeepers who wanted rugs shaken, windows cleaned, walks swept, chairs seated, furniture polished, errands done, sent word to the wood-yard, and, when possible, the kind of service needed was provided. At a meeting called to report on the work, the originator made a proposal. The housekeepers were to gather such food as they could not use in their own families, in separate dishes—that is, meat, vegetables, and bread were to be kept separately, also the coffee and tea grounds. This food would be collected each morning. A cook was to be engaged who could prepare this food in good soups, stews, sandwiches, and make over tea and coffee—that is, tea and coffee from grounds that had been used. The men who worked in the wood-yard were to receive this food in return for their work. A few poor families, on the recommendation of the contributors, were allowed to purchase the food, in its broken condition if so preferred. The next step was to take the names of women and girls who wanted work, thus meeting another community need. A workroom for women was opened, more to provide a place to keep young girls off the street than for any other reason. Here cast-off clothes were mended and sold to the workers, men and women. A laundry was opened to provide instruction; girls and women were taught to sew by the contributors. There was no organization for three or four years. The originator conducted the work, and directed it, with volunteer assistance. It was a success so long as it met the needs of the community as they were revealed.

In an evil day this neighborhood work became an organization, with committees to develop recreative and educational departments along well-known lines. A big house was hired, and the energies that had been given to meeting the needs of people out of work, who asked for the opportunity to work or to learn how to work, were now largely diverted to raising money to carry on work that was being done by other organizations.

The plan of utilizing the wastes—waste time, waste food, waste effort—to make the small community fill all its own needs, is one that recommends itself to every thoughtful person. Such a scheme keeps a family together, for the chances for its existence are near home. Its claims are brought to its immediate neighbors, and the result must be to bring the community life nearer the standard of Christian living. The needs of the tenement-house neighborhoods became known to those who have the intelligence to consider them. The schools and what they did for the children were forced on the attention of those who knew there were schools, but no more. The attitude of the poorer people toward local politics and politicians was discovered. The workers learned the name of the alderman of the ward, and how to approach him, and, what was quite as important, what his duties were. How liquor licenses were secured and who got them; when contagious diseases existed and where, and how the Health Board performed its duties, became a part of the intelligence of the community. Alas for human nature! it ceased to exist, this common-sense organization, and the community, with its center of interest, wandered into many fields, and sighed for the day when it worked together for its own neighbors' and neighborhood's betterment.

National Congress of Mothers

The National Congress of Mothers will be held in Washington, D. C., from February 14 to 17, inclusive. The speakers are Mrs. Mary Mumford, of Philadelphia, Professor G. Stanley Hall, Dr. Josiah Strong, Dr. William H. Tolman,

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and others prominent in educational work. The office of the Congress is in the Washington Loan and Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

For the Little People

A Remarkable Supper

By Helen Standish Perkins

Little Theophilus Theodore Brown
Has a marvelous appetite.
You'll believe it, I know, when you hear me relate
What he ate for his supper last night.
For first he devoured a frisky baa-lamb,
Then followed a sweet pussy-cat,
Then a camel or two—did you ever once hear
Of anything equal to that?
A mooley-cow next, with her horns and her hoofs,
Hurried down the same little red lane,
And how there was room for a long-necked giraffe
Is something I cannot explain.
Then a fat little pig (like Theo himself)
As quickly did vanish from sight,
To make room for a lion, and tigers and bears,
Disposed of before they could bite.
To fill in the chinks there were horses and goats,
And elephants one, two, and three.
Now tell me, I pray, can you eat at one meal
Such a regular menagerie?

The New Parlor-Maid

By L. E. Chittenden

"I'll wait on the door, grandmother," said Elinor, for Mary, the neat little servant who usually did that, was away on a vacation. So grandmother went upstairs after luncheon, as usual, to take her nap. Elinor hunted for a white cap like Mary's, but, as she could not find it, she put on a bright red sweeping-cap instead. Then she got a very large japanned tray from the pantry for the cards, for she could not find the small silver one that Mary used.

She sat down on the floor in the wide, old-fashioned hall, and finally her head went down on the rug. Just as she was drowsily forgetting some things and remembering others, there came a knock on the old-fashioned blind door. The inside doors were open, fortunately, and Elinor sprang up in haste and tried hard to open the blinds, but they were too much for her to manage. So she opened the slats to see who it was, and was delighted to find that it was her friend the minister, who looked smilingly in at her.

"Can you climb in the parlor window?" she asked.

The minister looked at it a moment; then, putting his hands on the sill, he vaulted lightly in, where he was met by the very small parlor-maid with a red cap much on one side, and bearing an enormous tray, which suggested tea much more than cards. However, after explanations, Elinor disappeared to get her grandmother. She came in again without her tray and cap, and sat close beside the minister, and serenely ate the caramels he brought her, which was not usual for a parlor-maid to do; but then she was not a usual parlor-maid, you see; and grandmother did not know how the minister got in.

The Mystery of the Mail-Bag

Perhaps she was of an investigating turn of mind; if so, she should have observed more closely. This cat lived in a drug-store that was at the same time a sub-station of the post-office. The mail-pouch in which the letters were sent to the main office was fastened to the open end of a chute that ran through the floor into the basement. Puss had doubtless watched the letters and small parcels and postal cards slipping merrily down the chute, and she may have decided that it was a toboggan slide intended for amusement; she should have observed that the things that so merrily ran down the chute did not come back again. Puss disappeared.

The men at the main office opened a mail-bag, when out jumped a cat, without address or postage-stamp—a clear violation of the law. The postal clerks were frightened at first. Then they looked at the

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bag, saw the mark which told where it came from, and at once called up the sub-station, where an equally excited group of clerks were hunting for a much-loved cat. The mystery was solved, and a boy carefully carried the cat, who stole a ride in the Government mail-bag, to its home.

Two Guardians

Two small dogs were left in charge of fifteen work-horses in New York. One night recently the policeman on the beat heard the two dogs barking loudly, and in a tone which said very plainly that something was wrong. The policeman stopped in front of the stable and listened, and spoke to the dogs, who answered with all their might, saying as plainly as they could, "We need help." The policeman thought he smelled fire. He scrambled up the side of the building until he could look in the window far from the ground. Yes, there was a thin cloud of smoke spreading through the stable. The policeman ran to the fire-alarm box, and then back to the stable, knocking for help with his club on the sidewalk. Two men came to help him. They burst in the stable door and began taking out the horses, the little dogs barking and running back and forth, giving every encouragement to the horses, who are always difficult to manage in a fire. If it had not been for the watchful, helpful little dogs, the horses might have been burned up.

A Pet Deer

A story comes from the North Woods of a pet deer who wandered to a little farm-house on the edge of the woods when it was a tiny fawn. A bell was tied on its neck; after it had learned to depend on its friends for food and companionship, it was allowed to roam at will through the woods. In the woods was a camp in which lived a family. The deer made friends with this family, and visited them frequently. One very cold day, when all thought of going out-of-doors was given up, the tinkle of a bell was heard, and there, with the cows, standing in the sun in the shelter of the barn, was the deer. The door was opened, and she trotted toward it to meet her friends, who could not resist her loveliness. She was fondled and petted and fed. Suddenly she sprang to the top of a low shed, and from there to the roof, along which she walked to the front, standing against the sky looking out on a snowy world. A boy, to startle her, climbed up to the roof, when she sprang from there to the ground. This evidently was fun for her. That night, when the family had gone to bed, there was the tinkle of a bell, followed by the sharp patter of hoofs on the roof, and then the sound of some one on the snow and crust. The deer was enjoying herself by jumping from the roof in the moonlight. All night at intervals the deer took this exercise, whether for fun or to keep warm the family could not decide.

It was decided in the morning not to pet the deer any more; she must be discouraged from such nightly visits. But she is a friend who stays; she does not resent being driven away, but comes back determined to love and be loved.

She still takes exercise from the roof, and her bell many times in the night tells the family where she is.

A Little Protector

He was a tiny spaniel lying on a piece of carpet in the kitchen of a big apartment-house. He was wakened because he could not breathe easily. He sniffed about, decided there was something wrong, and ran barking into the bedroom where his master was asleep, and barked and pulled at the bedclothes until his master woke up. As soon as the master was awake he knew there was a fire in the house and that the people might be burned. He wakened all and helped get everybody out on the street. The little dog helped with all his might, barking and barking through the halls, close at his master's heels. Everybody got to the street in safety, and the firemen worked hard and saved most of the furniture. Was not that a brave, wise dog?

The Quail and the Crocodile

By E. Louise Liddell

Quoth the Quail to the Crocodile, years ago,
"Let us fly to the banks of the Hoang-Ho."
Thus the Crocodile answered the foolish Quail:
"'Twould be very much better for us to sail."

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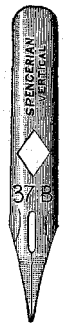

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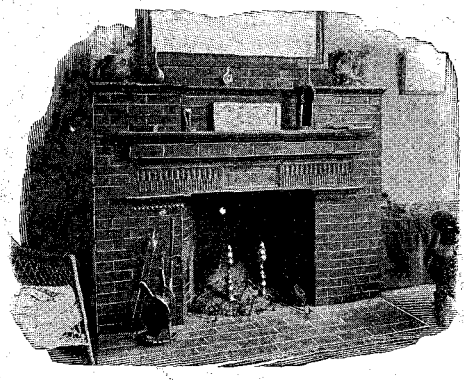

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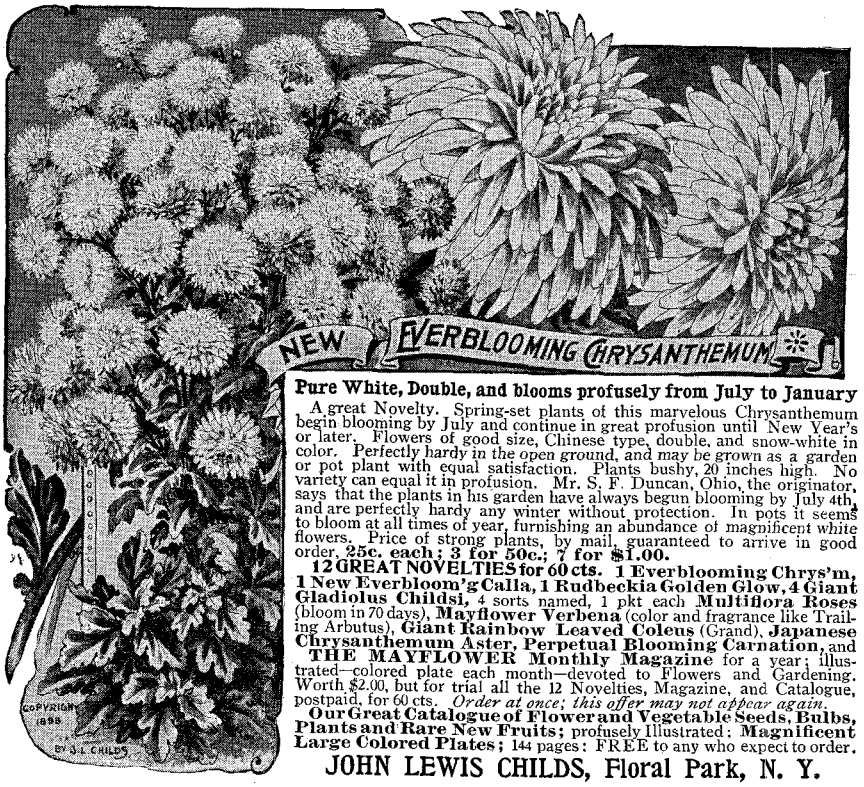

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